

DECEMBER

No.29

10¢

SMASH COMICS



THE RAY



ESPIONAGE



BOZO
THE ROBOT



WINGS
WENDALL



THE JESTER



ROOKIE
RANKIN



ARCHIE
O'TOOLE



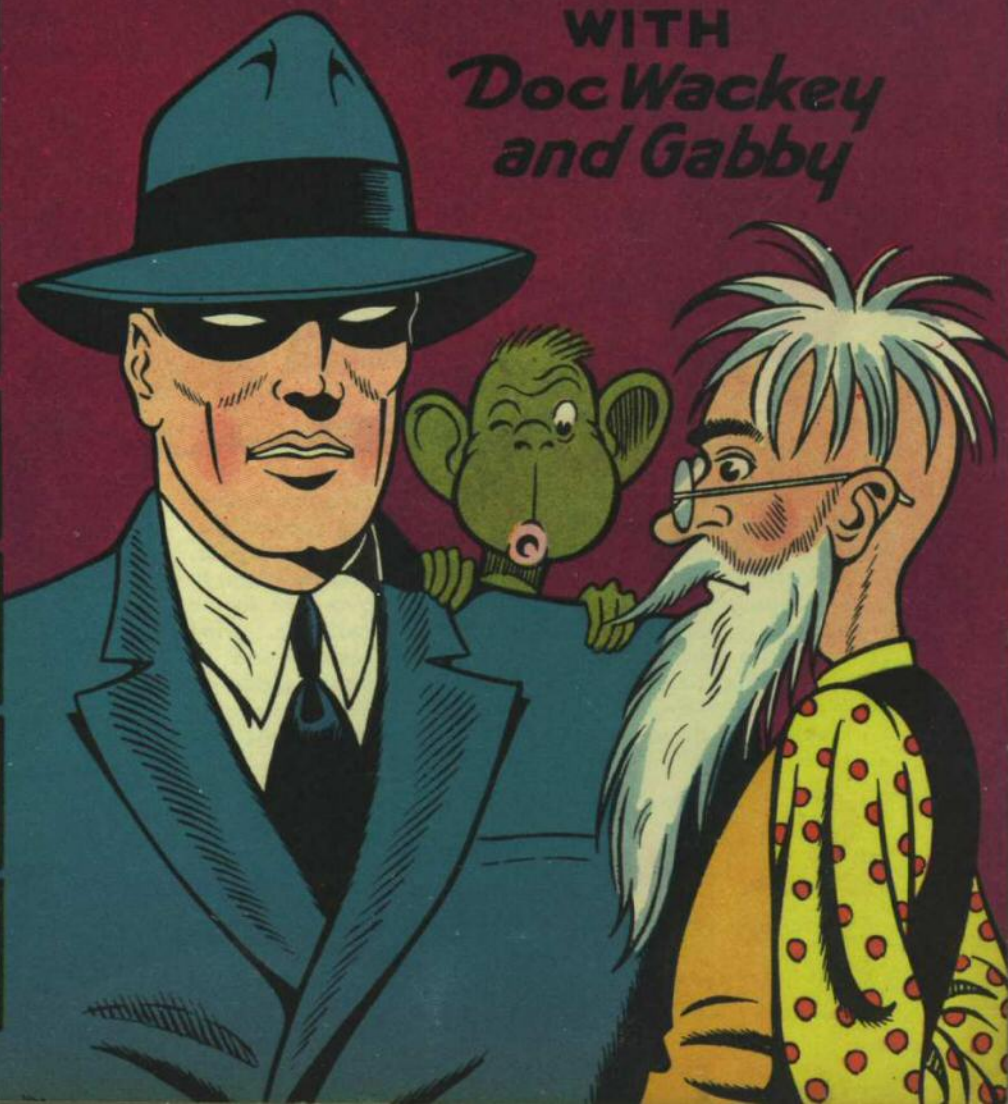
THE
PURPLE TRIO

STARRING

MIDNIGHT

WITH

*Doc Wackey
and Gabby*

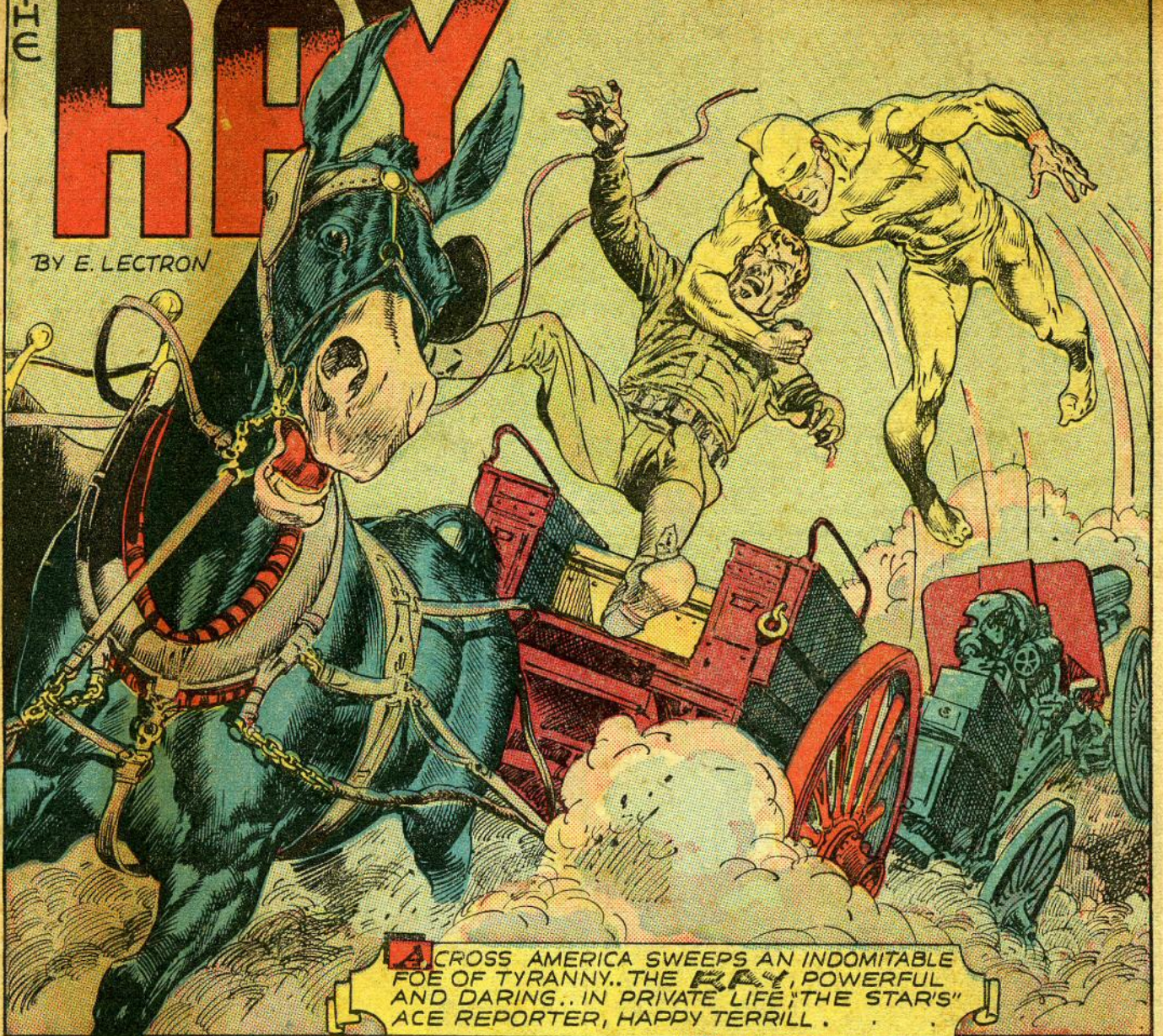




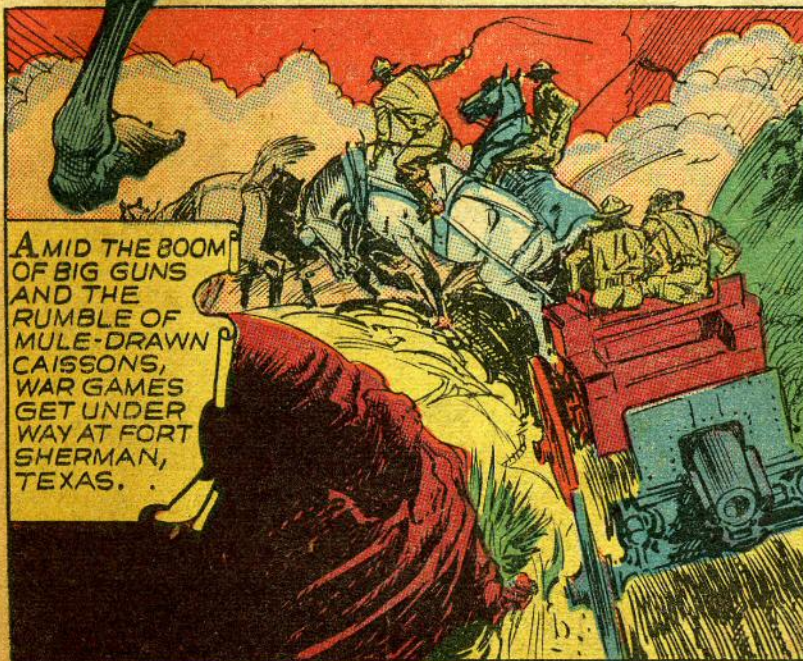
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE RAY

BY E. LECTRON



ACROSS AMERICA SWEEPS AN INDOMITABLE Foe OF TYRANNY.. THE **RAY**, POWERFUL AND DARING.. IN PRIVATE LIFE, THE STAR'S ACE REPORTER, HAPPY TERRILL.

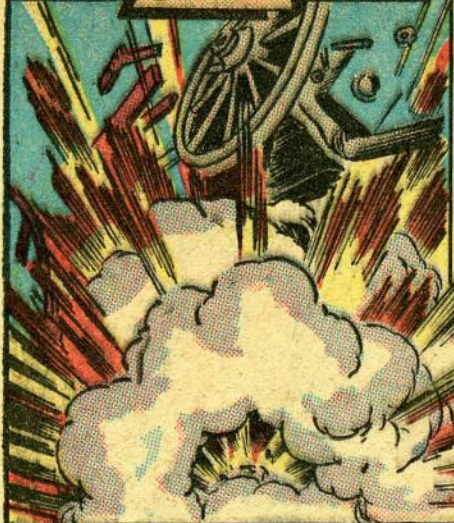


AMID THE BOOM OF BIG GUNS AND THE RUMBLE OF MULE-DRAWN CAISSONS, WAR GAMES GET UNDER WAY AT FORT SHERMAN, TEXAS.

LAND MINES BURST, EMITTING SMOTHERING FUMES OF ACRID GASES AS THE TEXAS PLAIN TREMBLES UNDER THE FURY OF MODERN WAR.. THE HARD HITTING 9TH FIELD ARTILLERY STORMS INTO THE HOLOCAUST.



SUDDENLY WITH A DEAFENING ROAR A MINE BURSTS UNDER A CAISSON, HURLING THE BEWILDERED MEN TO THEIR DEATHS.

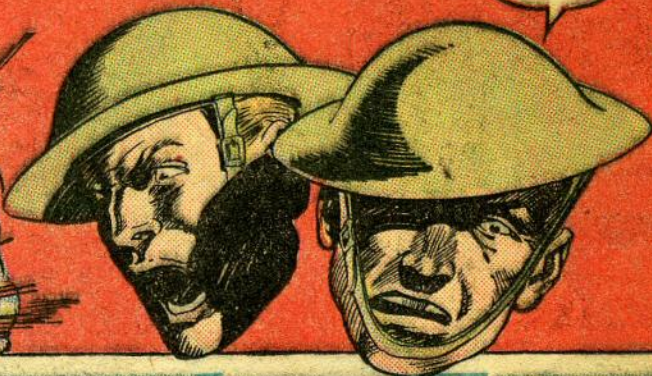


PANIC, ANGER AND AMAZEMENT PILE UP.

WHO THE DICKENS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PLACING THOSE CHARGES?? THAT'S THE THIRD "ACCIDENT" THIS WEEK?

I DON'T KNOW, SERGEANT. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO STOP MANEUVERS TILL WE FIND OUT!

HIT'S DE DEBBIL WHO DUNNIT? DAT'S WHAT!



DIRECT WIRE COMMUNICATION BRINGS THE STARTLING NEWS TO THE STAR'S CITY DESK.

HOT COPY, TERRILL! GO DOWN AND DIG UP THAT STORY!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

I'LL BRING BACK THE STORY, CHIEF, AND THE CULPRITS TOO!

NEITHER HAPPY NOR THE EDITOR SUSPECTS THE PRESENCE OF AN EAVES-DROPPER. HAPPY'S PAL, BUD...

GEE? GOSH!



UNTIL...

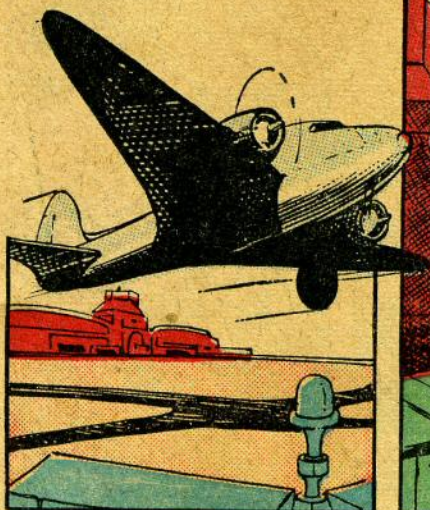
WHAT TH'?? WHO?!

LEMME GO WITH YOU, HAP, HUH? LEMME GO? PLEASE?

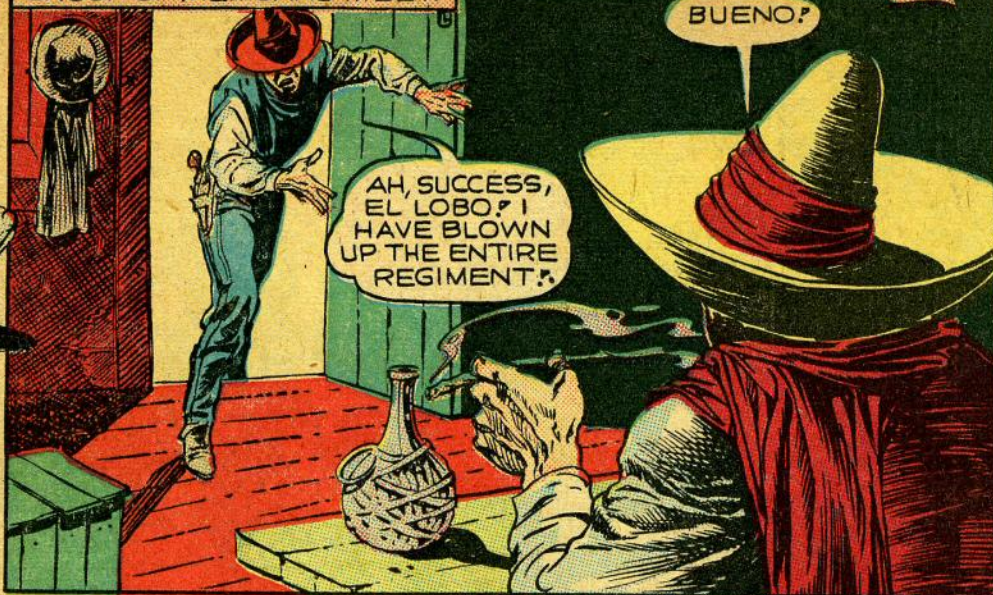
OKAY, BUD. STEP LIVELY!



SOON HAPPY AND BUD ARE ABOARD A TRANS-CONTINENTAL PLANE, TEXAS BOUND.



WHERE IN AN ADOBE HOUSE NEAR THE BORDER, A STRANGE GROUP OF MEXICANS MEET.



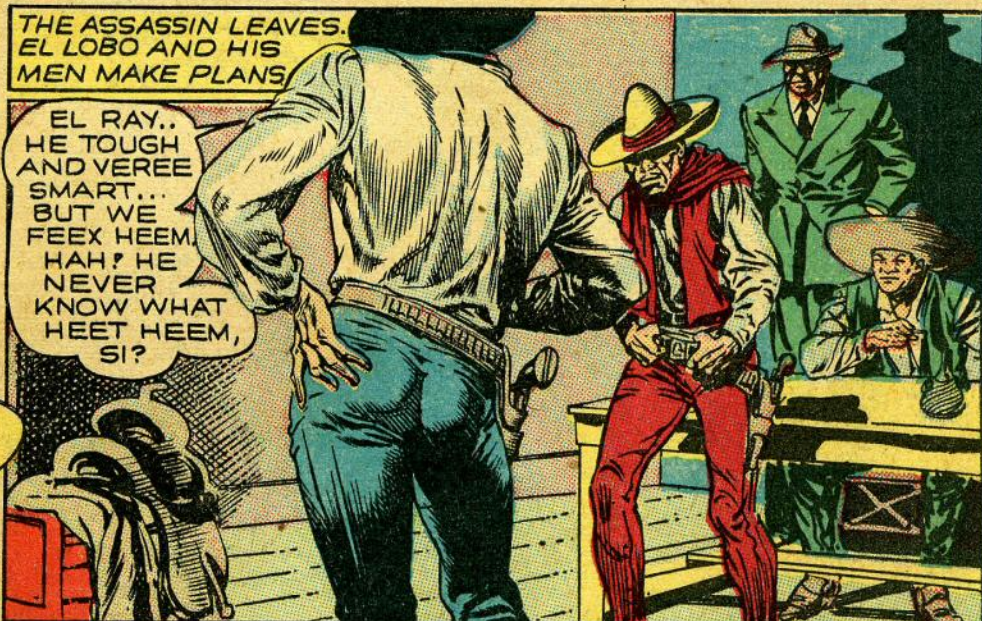
EL LOBO, "THE WOLF OF THE BORDER" GRINS EVILY..

WAN MORE THING, ENRICO.. THE **RAY**? HE IS DANGEROUS HOMBRE.. YOU GO TO THE AIRPORT AND KEEL HEEM?



THE ASSASSIN LEAVES. EL LOBO AND HIS MEN MAKE PLANS.

EL RAY.. HE TOUGH AND VEREE SMART... BUT WE FEEEX HEEM. HAH? HE NEVER KNOW WHAT HEET HEEM, SI?



FROM THE GROUP A STOCKY EUROPEAN SPEAKS.

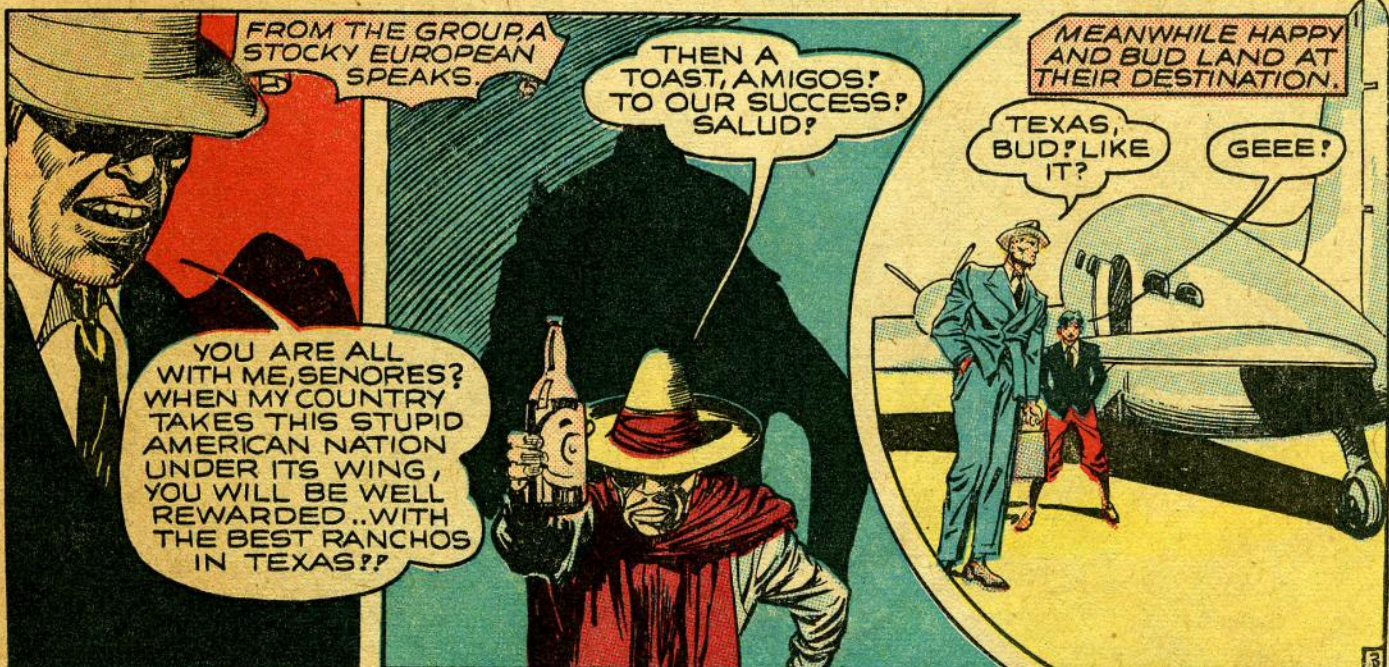
THEN A TOAST, AMIGOS? TO OUR SUCCESS? SALUD?

MEANWHILE HAPPY AND BUD LAND AT THEIR DESTINATION.

TEXAS, BUD? LIKE IT?

GEEE!

YOU ARE ALL WITH ME, SENORES? WHEN MY COUNTRY TAKES THIS STUPID AMERICAN NATION UNDER ITS WING, YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED.. WITH THE BEST RANCHOS IN TEXAS?!



AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE FIELD, TWO SINISTER FIGURES WATCH.

BEFORE HAPPY OR BUD KNOWS WHAT GOES ON, THE MEXICANS SLUG THEM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

QUICKLY THEY TOSS THEIR VICTIMS INTO A HUGE CITRUS FRUIT VAN..

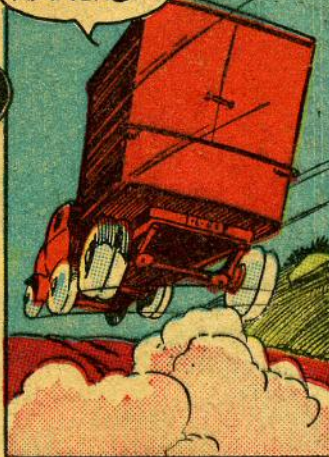
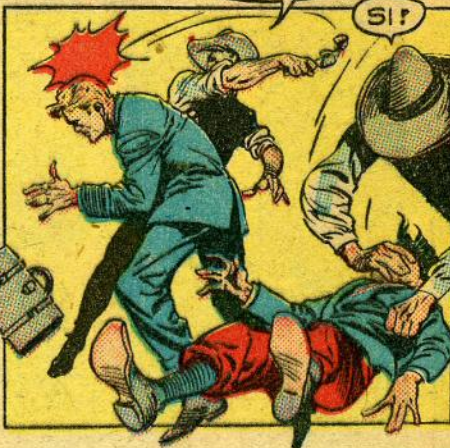
JOSE..THAT BOY AND THE YOUNG MAN.. THEY ARE ALWAYS AROUND WHEN THE RAY STARTS TO WORK..

SI, ENRICO? WE CATCH ZEM BOTH?

QUEEK? THE FRUIT TRUCK?

SI?

NOW..TO EL LOBO'S RANCHO?

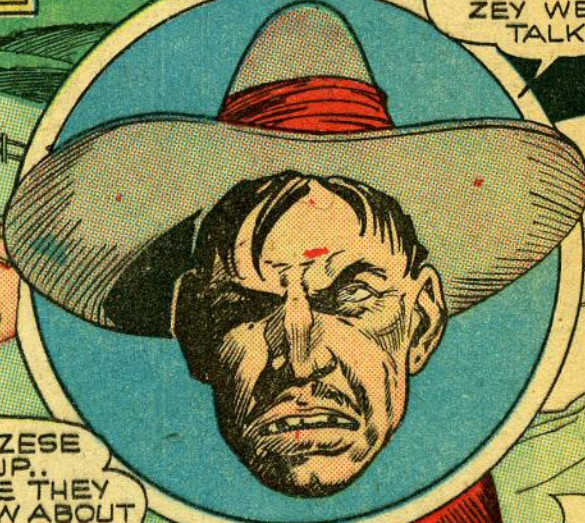


SOON THE LUMBERING VEHICLE ROLLS UP TO THE BORDER HIDEOUT.

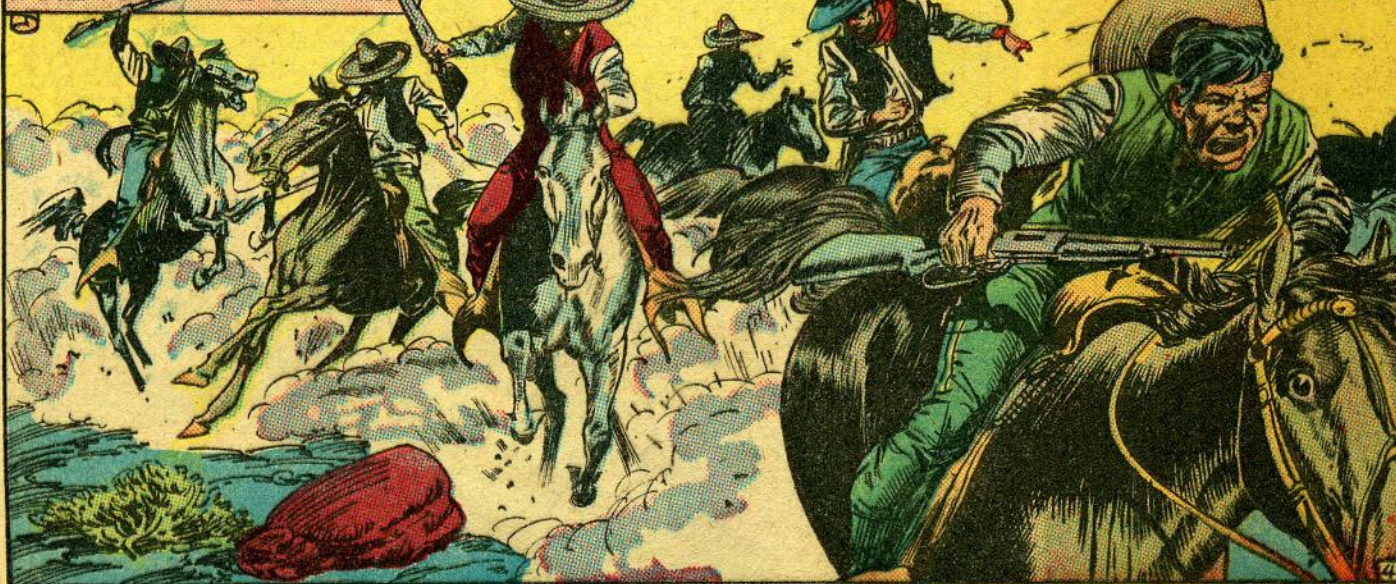
SI? WE KEEP ZEM.. SOON ZEY WEEL TALK?

..AND NOW WE RIDE TO DESTROY THE CAVALRY AT EL PASO DIABLO?

LOCK ZESE TWO UP.. MAYBE THEY KNOW ABOUT THE RAY??



GRABBING THEIR GUNS, THE SHOUTING OUTLAWS TAKE TO THE SADDLE.



THE THUNDERING HOOFS
GROW FAINTER AS HAPPY
COMES TO IN THE CELLAR.



WHEW! MY
HEAD! POOR
BUD! HE'S
ALL IN..JUST
AS WELL..

A BRILLIANT LIGHT BATHES
HAPPY.. HE MOUNTS THE
STEPS, BECOMING AS HE
GOES.. THE **RAY**.



STEALTHILY HE RAISES THE
TRAP-DOOR. A BROODING
FIGURE SITS AT THE TABLE.



STUPID
FOOLS! DO
THOSE PEONS
THINK THEY GET
ANY REWARD
FROM FRITZ
LUHNER?
BAH!



EH?
WHAT?
WHO?



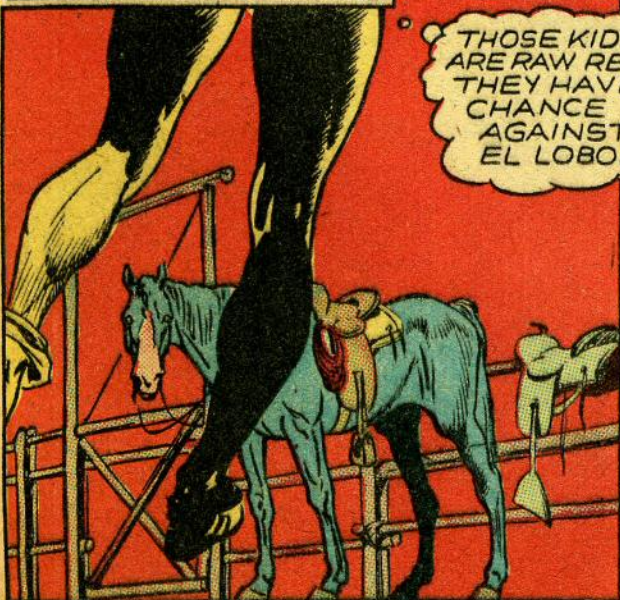
I'M ASKING THE
QUESTIONS? WHERE
DID YOUR BOYS
GO??



T-TO EL
PASO DIABLO.
TO K-KILL
THE CAVALRY
THERE! EL
LOBO LEADS!

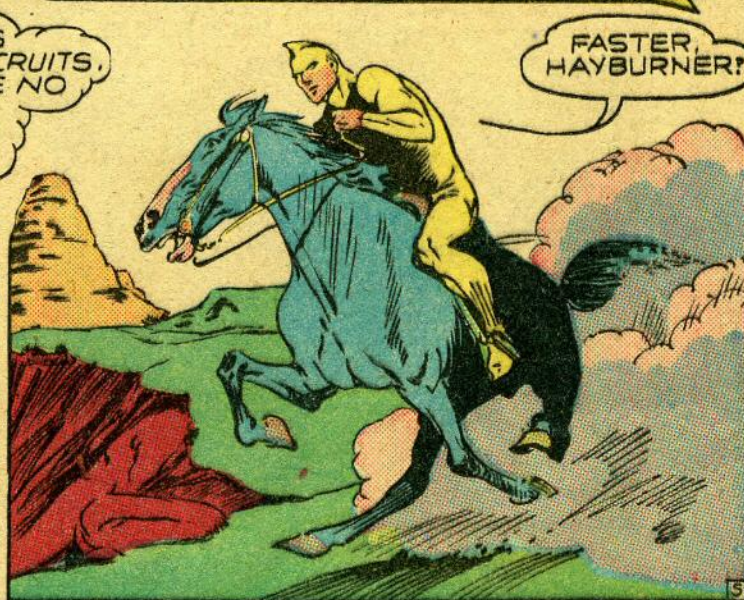
TERRILL,
HERE'S
YOUR
SCOOP!

INFURIATED, THE RAY LEAPS TO
THE NEAREST HORSE.



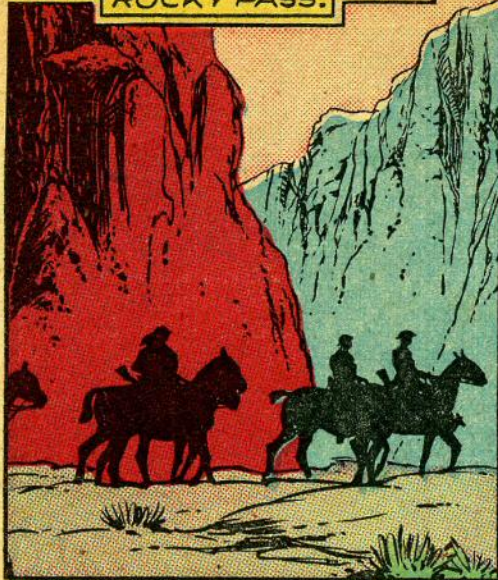
THOSE KIDS
ARE RAW RECRUITS.
THEY HAVE NO
CHANCE
AGAINST
EL LOBO?

LIKE A FROTHING TEMPEST, THE RAY'S
STEED EATS UP THE MILES.

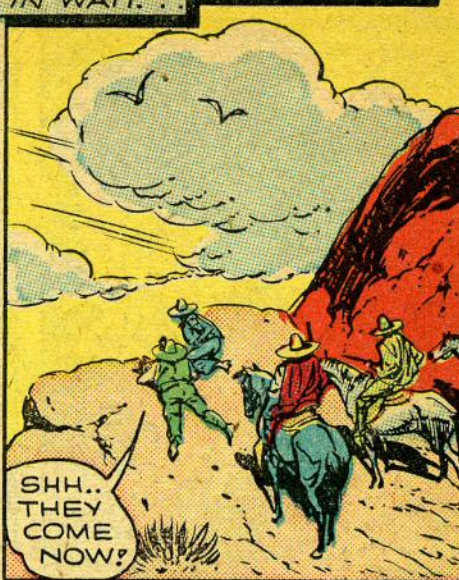


FASTER,
HAYBURNER!

MEANWHILE THE CAVALRY
POURS INTO A NARROW
ROCKY PASS.



NOT KNOWING THAT ABOVE
THEM THE GUERRILLAS LIE
IN WAIT.



EL LOBO RAISES HIS
WINCHESTER.



A YOUNG CORPORAL
LURCHES FROM HIS
SADDLE.



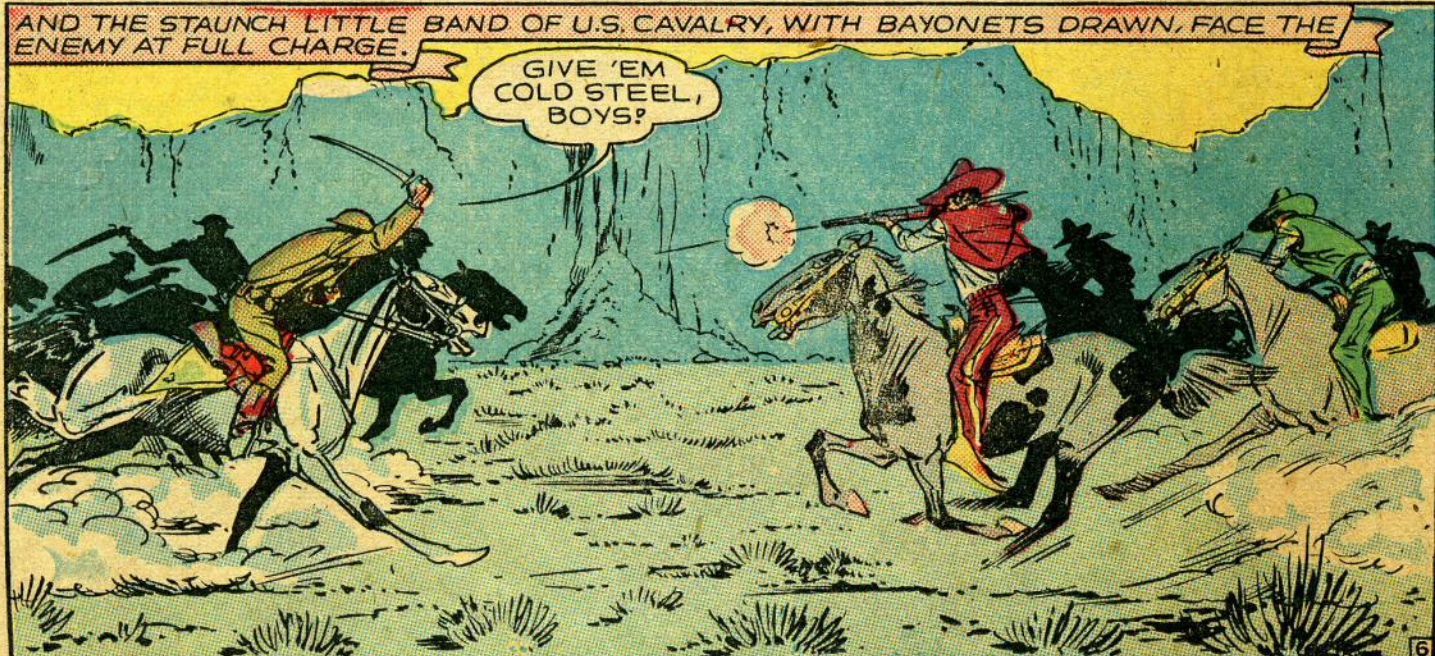
THE GUERRILLAS CHARGE
INTO THE ROCKY CHASM,
EMITTING BLOOD-CURDLING
YELLS.



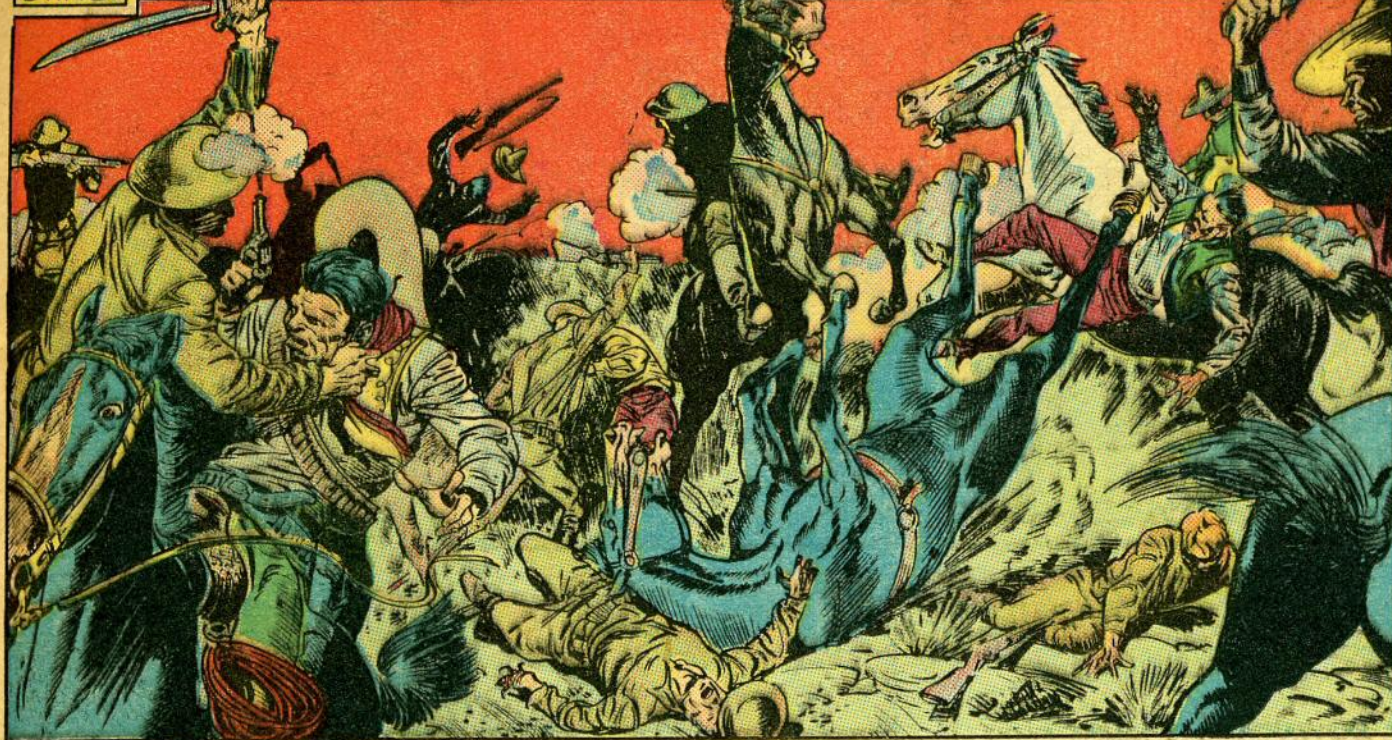
SUDDENLY THE SHARP NOTES
OF "ATTACK" PIERCE THE AIR.



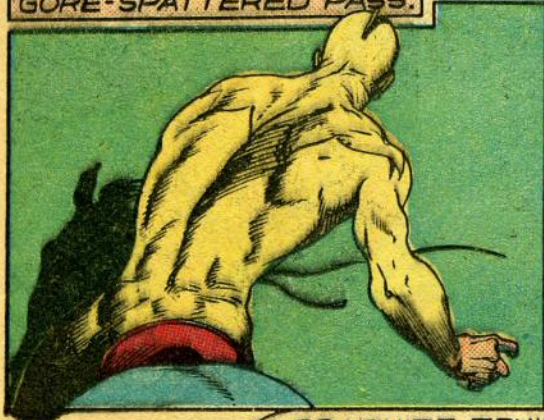
AND THE STAUNCH LITTLE BAND OF U.S. CAVALRY, WITH BAYONETS DRAWN, FACE THE
ENEMY AT FULL CHARGE.



DEATH REIGNS SUPREME AS THE AMERICANS MEET EL LOBO'S CREW.. THE FEROCIOUS HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE IS PUNCTUATED WITH SHOTS AND THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING.



BUT THEN THE RAY CUTS INTO THE GORE-SPATTERED PASS.



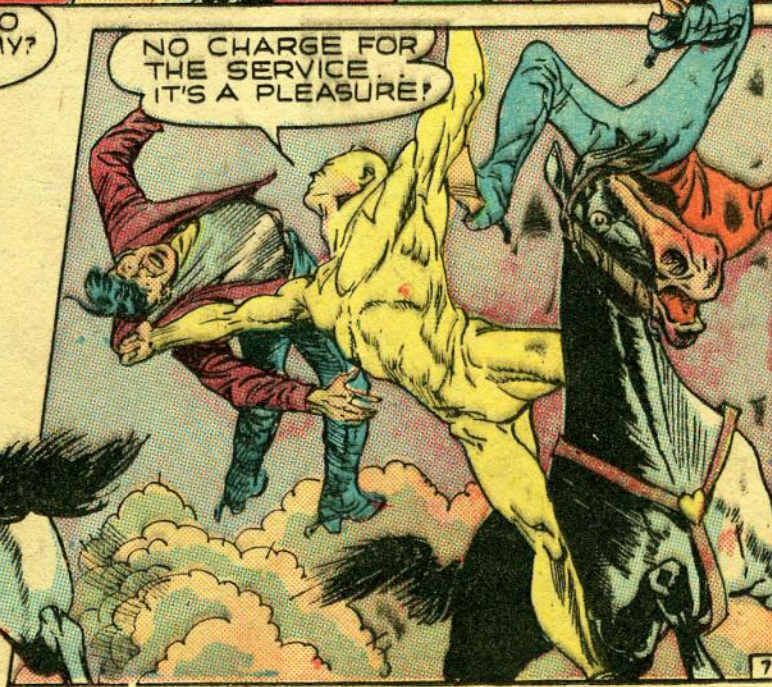
HE PLUNGES FEARLESSLY INTO THE THICK OF THE BATTLE.



SO YOU'RE TRYING TO DEMORALIZE OUR ARMY? HAVE A TASTE OF IT YOURSELF?



NO CHARGE FOR THE SERVICE. IT'S A PLEASURE!



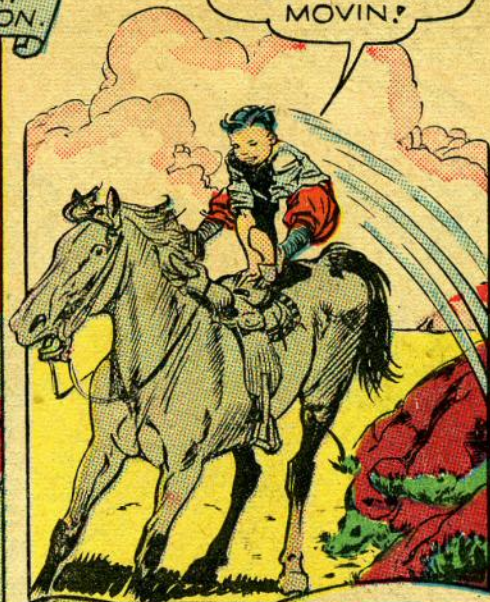
BACK AT THE ADOBE SHACK,
BUD HAS COME TO.



JUST THEN HE SPOTS FRITZ
LUHNER WHO SPEEDS AWAY
ON A FAST MORGAN STALLION.



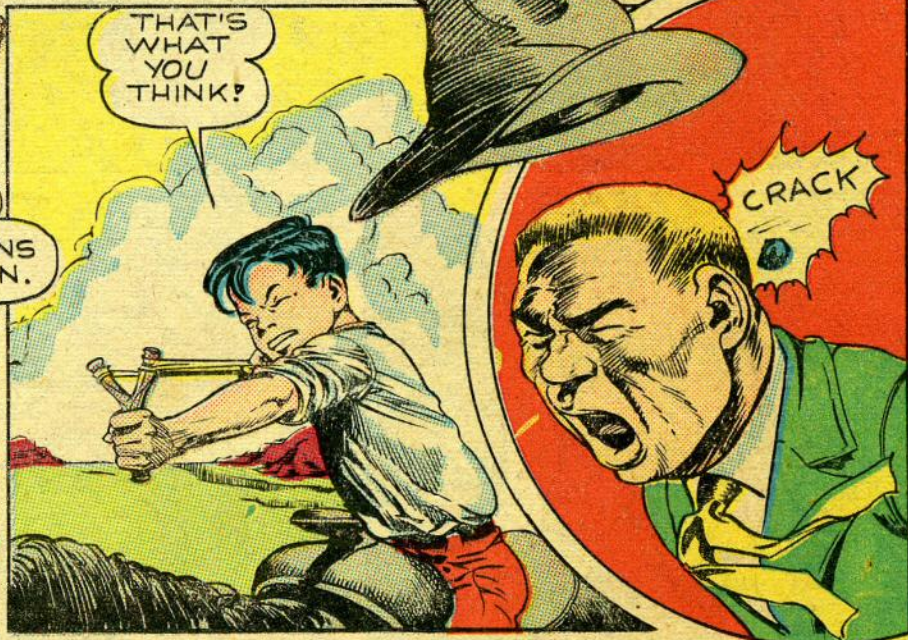
OKAY, SUGAR
FOOT? START
MOVIN'!



LUHNER GALLOPS TO THE CAN-
YON EDGE WHERE HE STOPS
TO WATCH THE BATTLE. BUD
OVERHEARS.



THAT'S
WHAT
YOU
THINK?

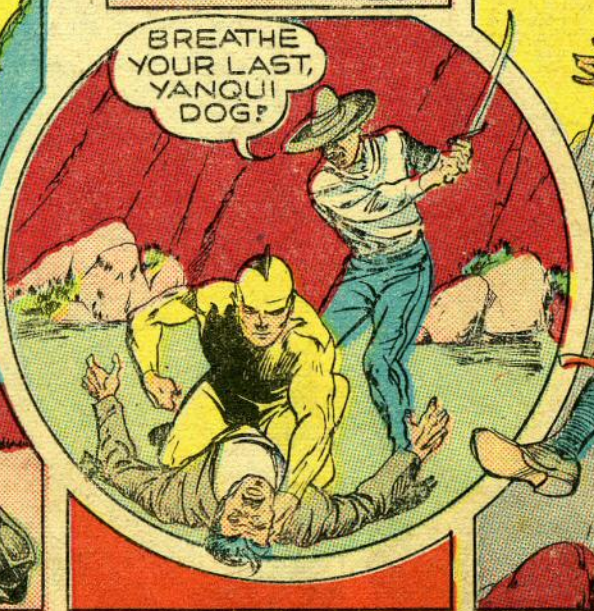


HE'S OUT OF THE
RUNNING.. NOW
I CAN HELP
THE RAY!

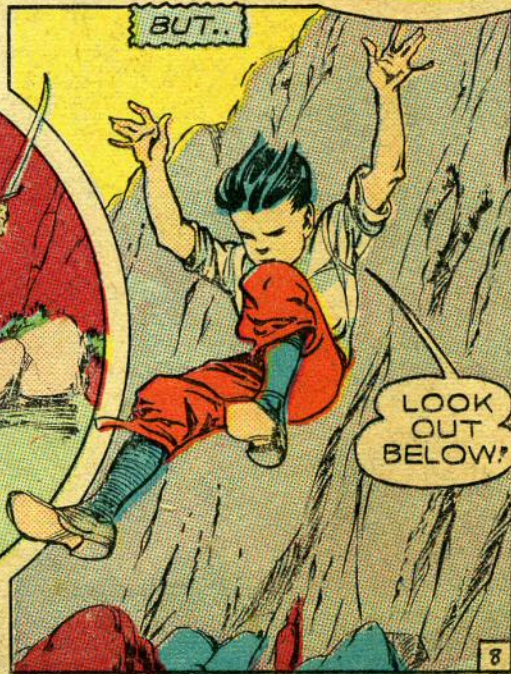


BUD PAUSES AT THE
BRINK AND SEES..

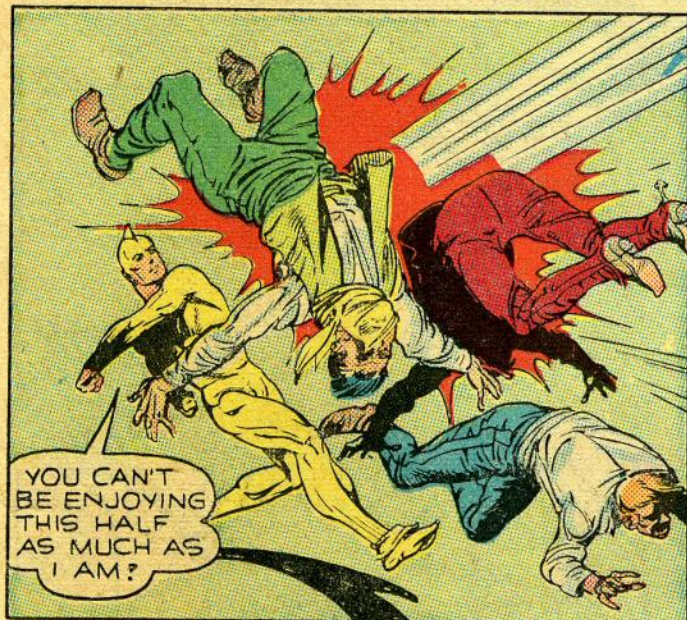
BREATHE
YOUR LAST,
YANQUI
DOG!



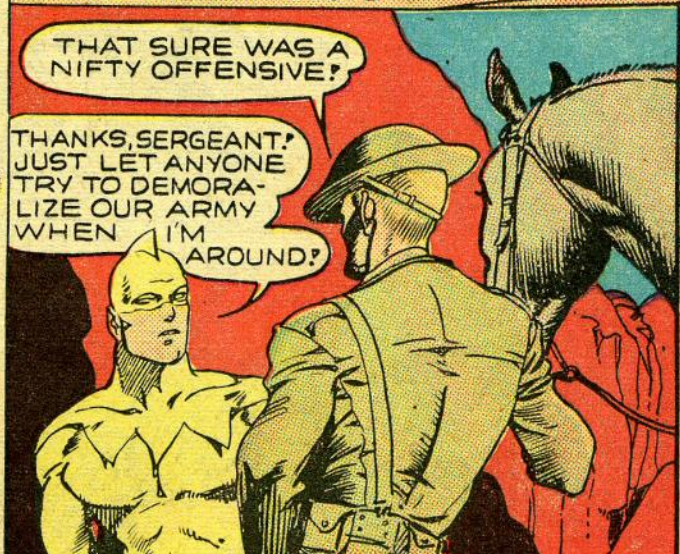
BUT..



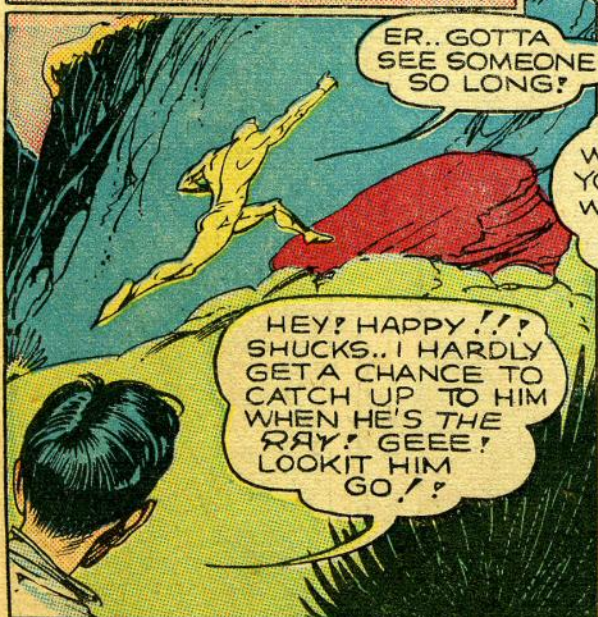
BUD LANDS ON THE ASSASSIN LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.



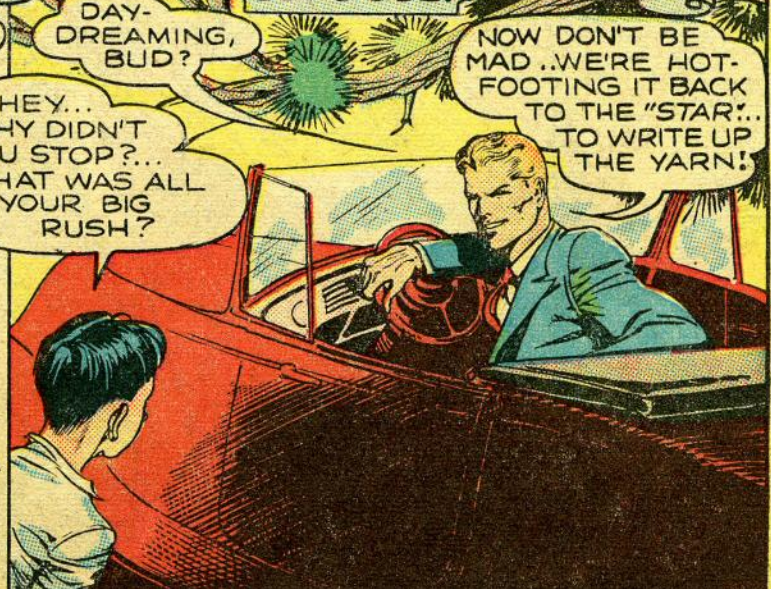
SOON THE MEXICANS STREW THE GROUND LIKE DEAD LOCUSTS.



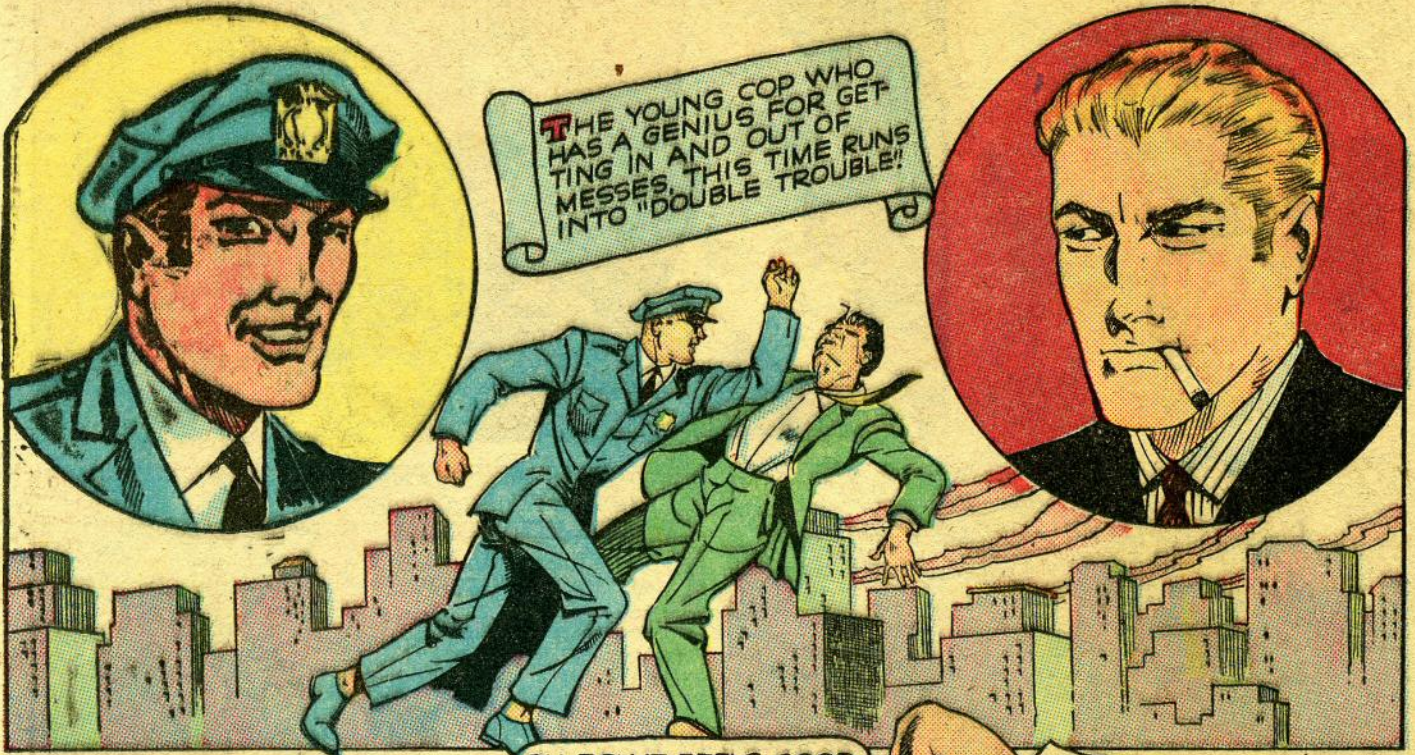
SO SAYING, THE RAY LEAPS AWAY.



LATER.. A FAMILIAR VOICE SOUNDS AT BUD'S SIDE.



Rookie RANKIN



THE YOUNG COP WHO HAS A GENIUS FOR GETTING IN AND OUT OF MESSES, THIS TIME RUNS INTO "DOUBLE TROUBLE!"

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK POUNDING HIS BEAT, ROOKIE REVELS IN A LITTLE RELAXATION AT HOME.

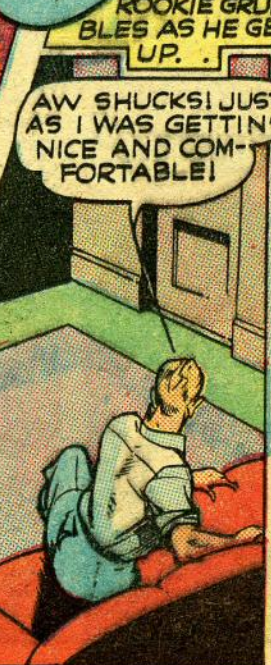


OH BOY, IT FEELS GOOD TO GET THOSE SHOES OFF MY YELPING DOGS... MA!



JUST REST YOUR WEARY BONES, SON!... OH! SURE AN' I ALMOST FORGOT TO TELL YOU! THERE'S A NEW ROOMER UPSTAIRS, AND FAITH, HE'S ALMOST THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU!

THEN AN URGENT KNOCK...



AW SHUCKS! JUST AS I WAS GETTIN' NICE AND COMFORTABLE!



HE OPENS THE DOOR AND A STRANGER THRUSTS A LEATHER BAG INTO HIS HANDS.

HERE IT IS, BOSS. I TOLD YA I'D DELIVER TH' GOODS! I GOTTA SCRAM NOW!

THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND THE MAN AND ROOKIE STARES AT THE BAG.

AND WHAT COULD THIS BE? I DIDN'T ORDER ANYTHING FROM THE STORE!



HE OPENS THE POUCH, AND . . .

GLORY BE! DIAMONDS! DOZENS OF 'EM.



ROOKIE HASTILY DONS HIS UNIFORM.

I'D BETTER TAKE 'EM DOWN TO HEAD-QUARTERS.

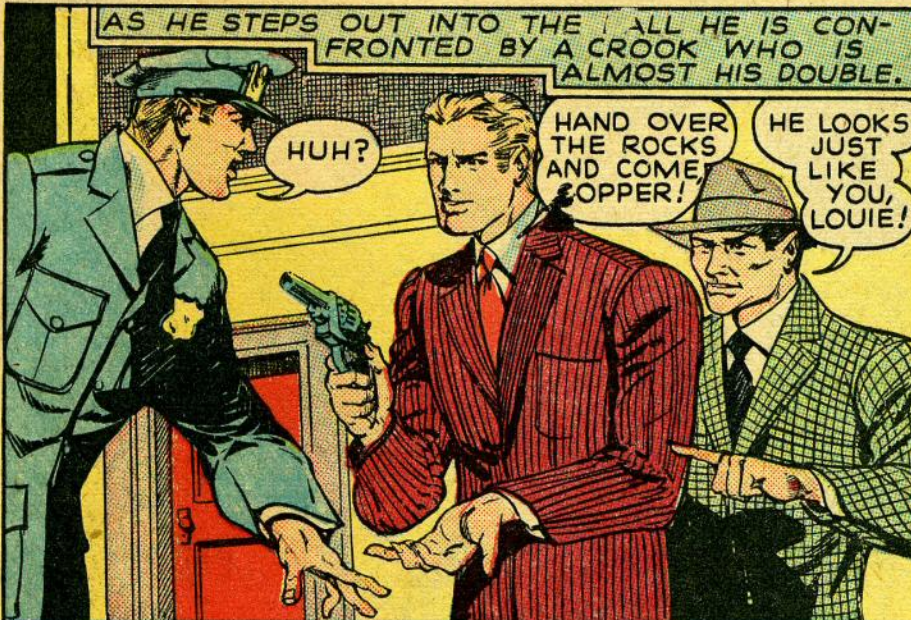


AS HE STEPS OUT INTO THE . . . ALL HE IS CONFRONTED BY A CROOK WHO IS ALMOST HIS DOUBLE.

HUH?

HAND OVER THE ROCKS AND COME, COPPER!

HE LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU, LOUIE!



STEP LIVELY AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS, FLATFOOT!

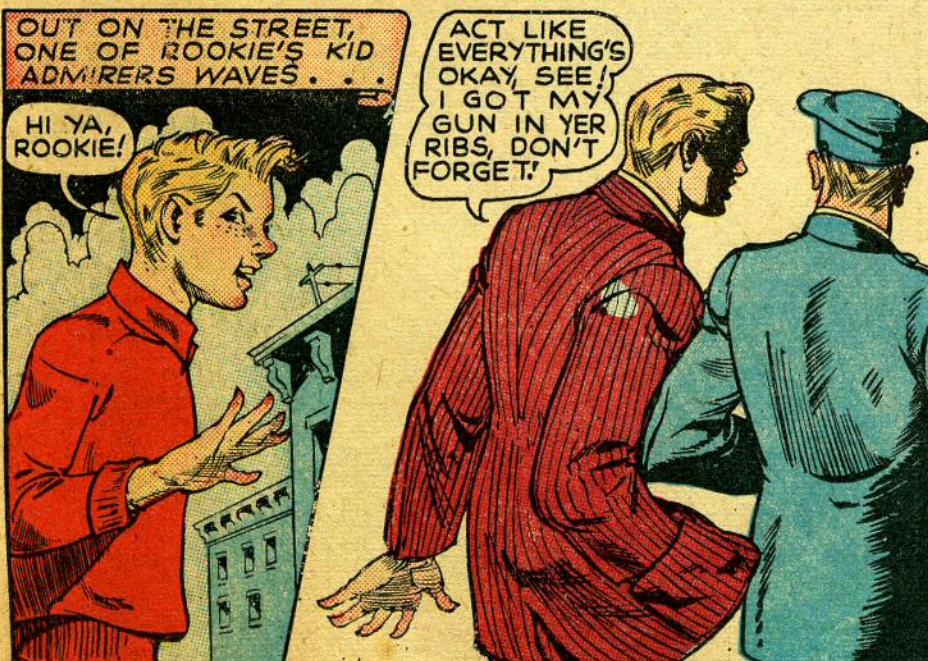
TO THINK THAT I LOOK LIKE YOU. I'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN.



OUT ON THE STREET, ONE OF ROOKIE'S KID ADMIRERS WAVES . . .

HI YA, ROOKIE!

ACT LIKE EVERYTHING'S OKAY, SEE! I GOT MY GUN IN YER RIBS, DON'T FORGET!



BUT ROOKIE GIVES TIM THE HIGH SIGN . . .

HI, TIM! NICE DAY FOR A DRIVE IF YOU LIKE DRIVIN'!



LOUIE AND HIS PAL HERD ROOKIE INTO THEIR CAR.



WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

YOU'LL SEE!

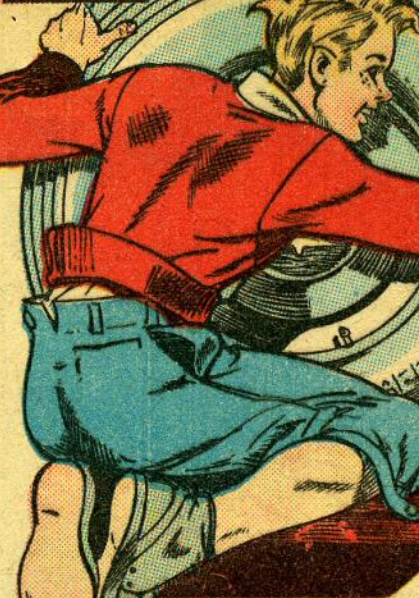
ROOKIE IS FORCED AT GUN-POINT INTO THE DILAPIDATED HOUSE.



PICK UP THOSE BIG FEET AND MARCH!

THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN DOIN' ALL DAY.

THE KID CLIMBS ON THE SPARE.



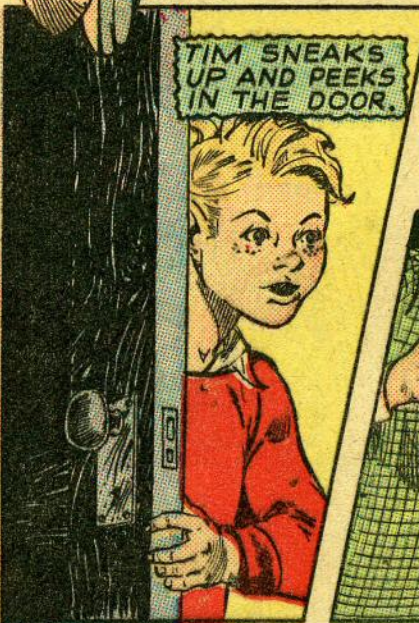
THE CAR FINALLY REACHES THE CROOKS' LONELY HIDE-OUT.



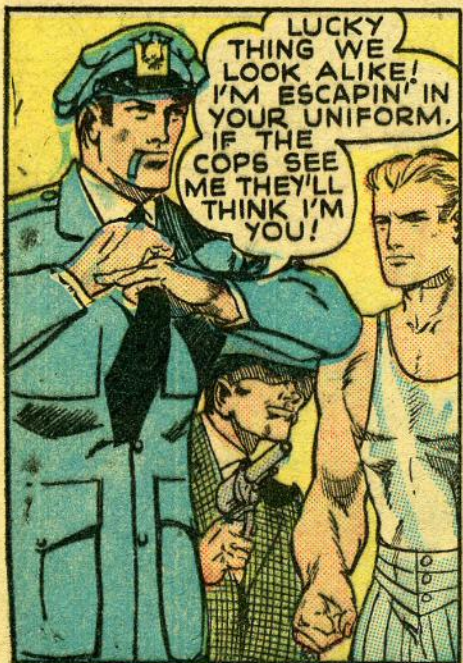
AND SEES..

YOU AND LOUIE IS SWAPPIN' CLOTHES, COPPER!

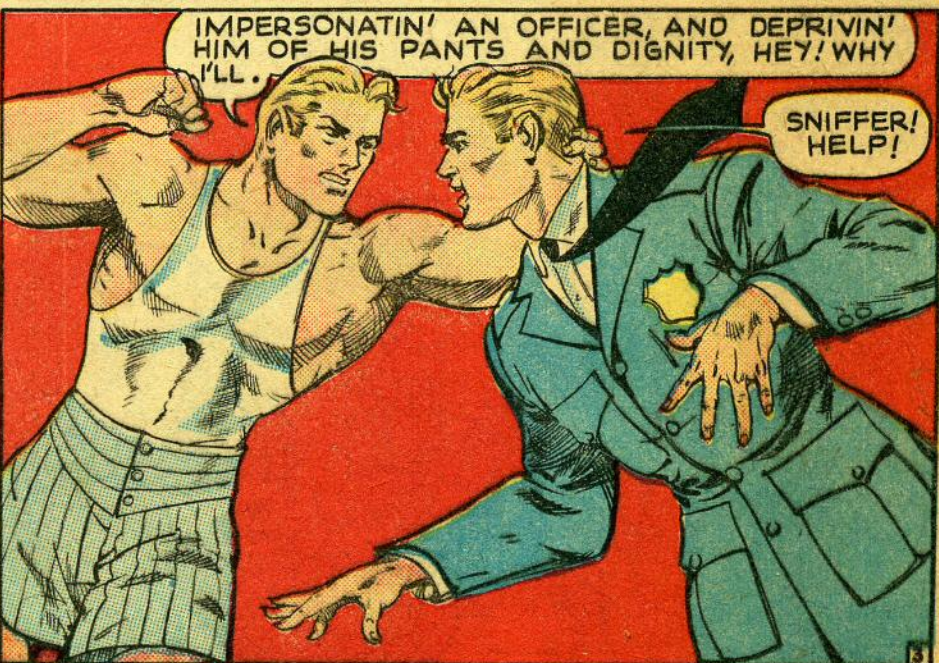
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



TIM SNEAKS UP AND PEEKS IN THE DOOR.



LUCKY THING WE LOOK ALIKE! I'M ESCAPIN' IN YOUR UNIFORM. IF THE COPS SEE ME THEY'LL THINK I'M YOU!



IMPERSONATIN' AN OFFICER, AND DEPRIVIN' HIM OF HIS PANTS AND DIGNITY, HEY! WHY I'LL..

SNIFFER! HELP!

SUDDENLY ROOKIE FINDS ALL THE METEORS OF THE UNIVERSE EXPLODING ABOUT HIS HEAD.

SNIFFER HAS GIVEN HIM A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY WITH HIS GUN BUTT.

COME ON, LET'S MAKE OUR GET-AWAY! I GOT THE GEMS.



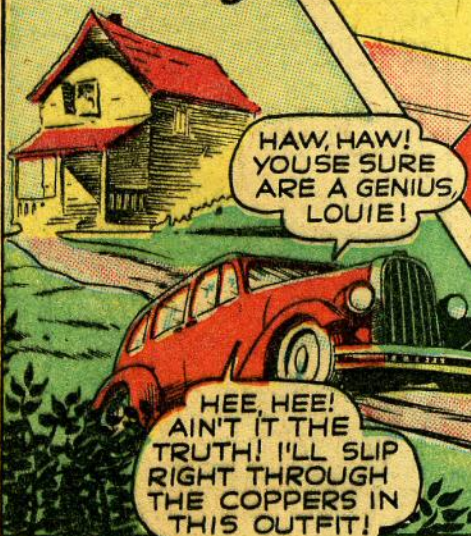
GLORK!



ROCK-
ABYE
BABY!

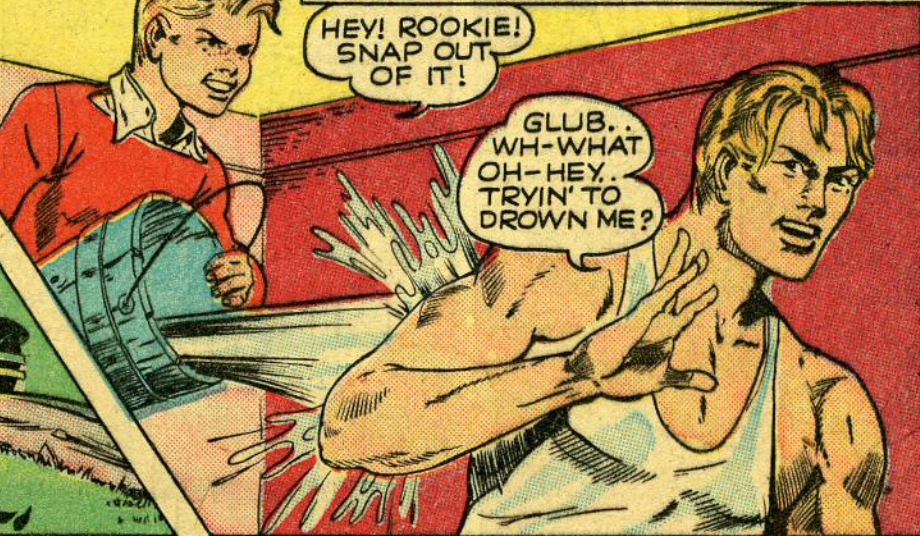
THE CAR ROARS AWAY.

TIM FILLS A BUCKET WITH WATER AND DASHES IT AT ROOKIE.



HAW, HAW!
YOU'RE SURE
ARE A GENIUS
LOUIE!

HEE, HEE!
AIN'T IT THE
TRUTH! I'LL SLIP
RIGHT THROUGH
THE COPPERS IN
THIS OUTFIT!



HEY! ROOKIE!
SNAP OUT
OF IT!

GLUB..
WH-WHAT
OH-HEY..
TRYIN' TO
DROWN ME?

HE CLIMBS INTO LOUIE'S CLOTHES.

ROOKIE AND TIM RUSH OUT OF THE HOUSE.

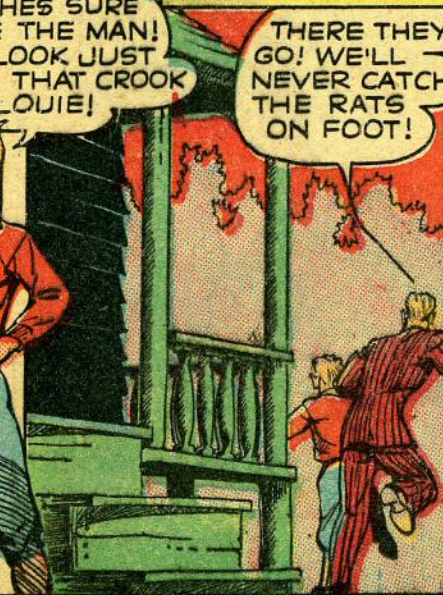
SUDDENLY TIM SPOTS AN OLD RUSTY BICYCLE.



AND THEY
ALWAYS SAID
I HAD AN
HONEST
FACE!

CLOTHES SURE
MAKE THE MAN!
YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE THAT CROOK
LOUIE!

THERE THEY
GO! WE'LL
NEVER CATCH
THE RATS
ON FOOT!

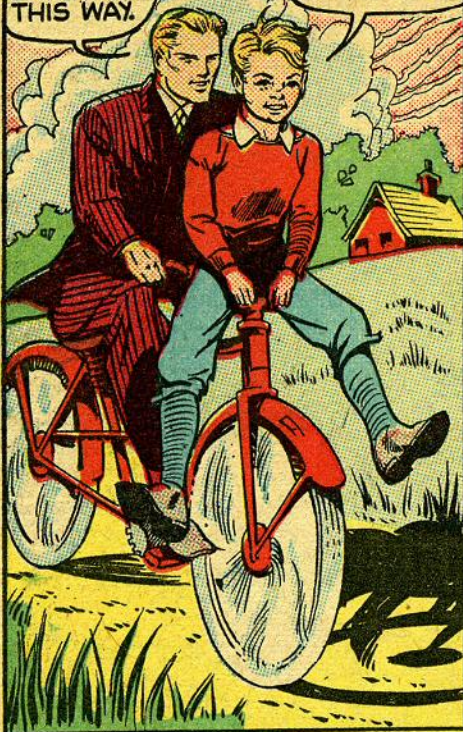


HEY, ROOKIE,
LOOK! A
BIKE'S
FASTER'N'
WALKIN'!

THEY CREAK ALONG ON A BICYCLE THAT WASN'T BUILT FOR TWO..

LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T CATCH 'EM THIS WAY.

WE SURE AREN'T GAININ' ANY.



ROOKIE AND TIM SHUDDER TO A STOP IN FRONT OF A COUNTRY STORE.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A PHONE IN THERE, TIM. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

BUT IS IT GOOD?



HOLY SMOKES, TIM! SHE'S FAINTED!



E-EK.. IT'S LOUIE THE LOUSE! WANTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY! OH, OH!

THE PROPRIETRESS LETS ROOKIE USE THE PHONE.

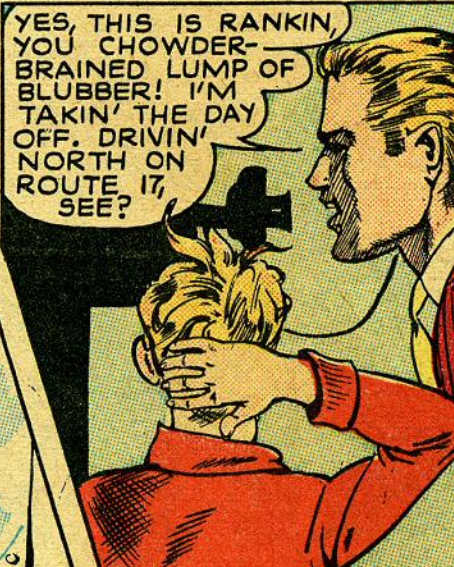
OPERATOR, GET ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



SOON'S YOU GET THROUGH I WANT TO LISTEN IN ON THE PARTY LINE, MISTER!

SERGEANT BURNS ANSWERS THE PHONE, AND..

YES, THIS IS RANKIN, YOU CHOWDER-BRAINED LUMP OF BLUBBER! I'M TAKIN' THE DAY OFF. DRIVIN' NORTH ON ROUTE 17, SEE?



SUDDENLY SHE NOTICES THE POSTER.. LOOKS AGAIN AT ROOKIE AND SCREAMS..



WHAT? WHY YOU.. YOU 9!X9! IMPUDENT YOUNG.. I-I'LL.. I-I HUH? HE HUNG UP ON ME!



CASSIDY! GET OUT THE SQUAD CAR! WE'RE PICKIN' UP THAT SPALPEEN, RANKIN.



BACK AT THE STORE.

I'M ON MY WAY. YOU STAY HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THE LADY.. SHE'S STILL OUT COLD.



AW, GEE! WELL, O.K. I'LL BRING HER TO.. THE SAME WAY I DID YOU, ROOKIE! THAT'LL BE FUN!

ROOKIE SEES THE SQUAD CAR AND HAILS IT.



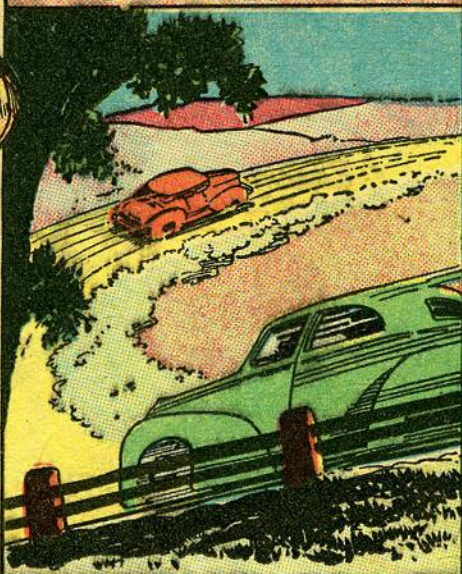
ONE OF THE BOYS? HEY?

BUT SARGE BURNS DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ROOKIE.



LOUIE THE LOUSE? HEY? THE BUTT OF ME GUN TO YE?

ROOKIE, UNCONSCIOUS, IS TOSSED INTO THE CAR WHICH SOON OVERTAKES THE CROOKS.



SARGE BURNS FORCES THEM TO THE CURB.

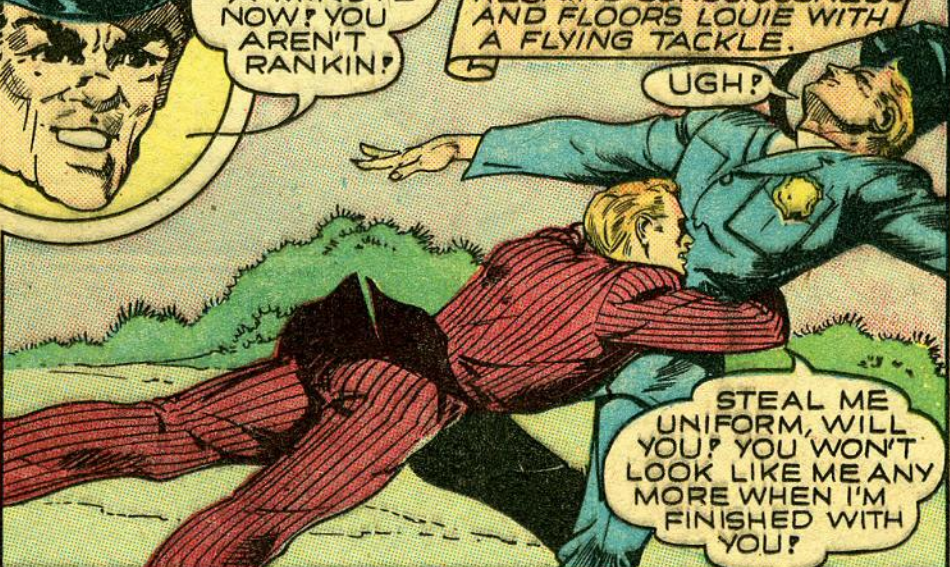


AFTER WHAT YOU CALLED ME, RANKIN, I'LL HAVE YOUR BADGE?

HUH?

SA-A-Y? JUST A MINUTE NOW? YOU AREN'T RANKIN?

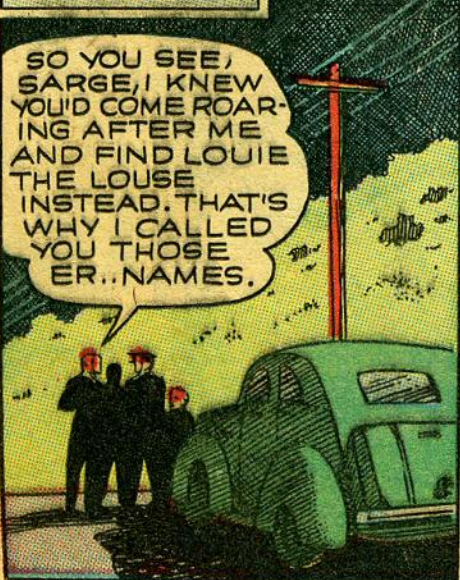
AT THAT MOMENT, ROOKIE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND FLOORS LOUIE WITH A FLYING TACKLE.



UGH?

STEAL ME UNIFORM, WILL YOU? YOU WON'T LOOK LIKE ME ANY MORE WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU?

AFTER LOUIE HAS BEEN PUT TO SLEEP.



SO YOU SEE, SARGE, I KNEW YOU'D COME ROARING AFTER ME AND FIND LOUIE THE LOUSE INSTEAD. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU THOSE ER... NAMES.

HMM...I'M WONDERIN'? ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T MEAN THOSE CRACKS? SEEMS TO ME YOU PUT A LOT O' FEELIN' IN 'EM, ROOKIE?



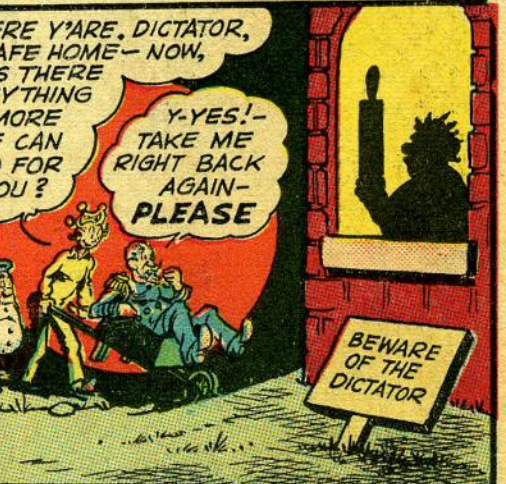
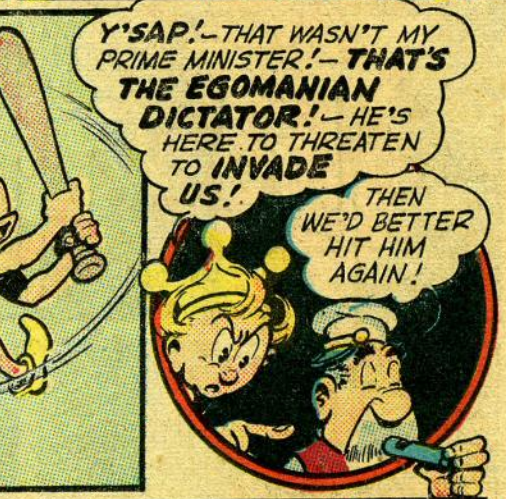
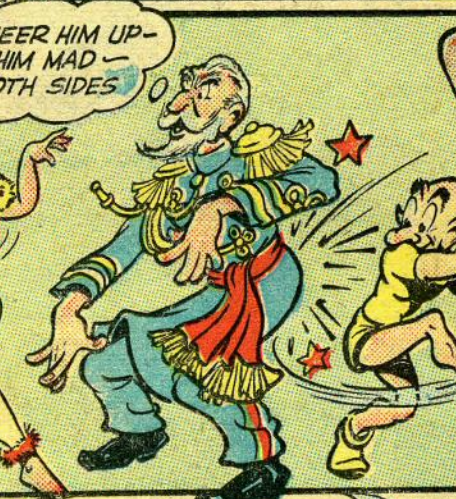
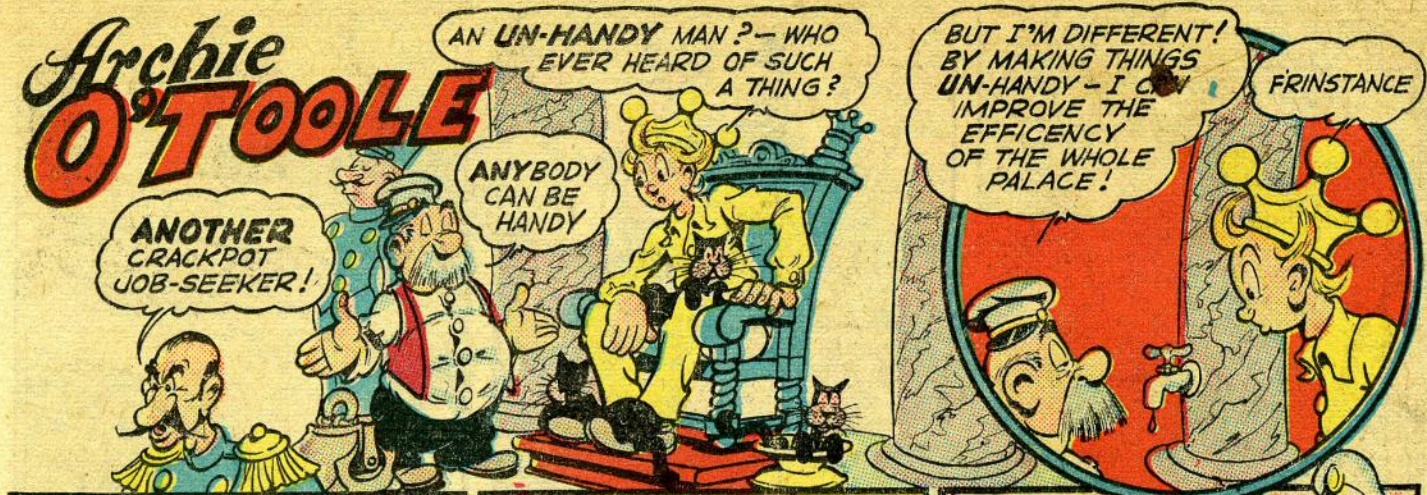
AW, NAW, SARGE? YOU KNOW ME BETTER'N' THAT?

ROOKIE GETS BACK IN UNIFORM.



HO HO? IF THE SARGE ONLY KNEW? WAS THAT PHONE CALL A PLEASURE?

Archie O'TOOLE



THE JESTER

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

THE UNDERWORLD
LAUGHS AT CHUCK
LANE, ROOKIE
COP.... BUT IT
TREMBLES AS HE
LAUGHS IN HIS
TERROR ROLE OF
THE JESTER... FOR
HE COMBINES
COMIC LIGHTNESS
WITH CRUSHING
SURE, JUSTICE....

DISASTER STRIKES IN THE
SUBWAY SYSTEM BENEATH
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK!
A FAST EXPRESS IS DERAILED
AND TURNED INTO A TWISTED
MASS OF STEEL, CATAPULTING
THROUGH THE TUNNEL... TEARING
APART EVERYTHING IN ITS
WAY FOR OVER A MILE....



THROUGH INTRICATE SIGNAL SYSTEMS, THE WRECK IS IMMEDIATELY LOCATED AND EVERY AVAILABLE ASSISTANCE IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE



IN CHARGE OF THE POLICE RUSHED TO THE DISASTER IS DETECTIVE MCGINTY.....

HEY MCGINTY, WHAT'S EATING YOU?

PLENTY LANE, SOMEBODY'S LOOTED THIS WHOLE WRECK.. THERE ISN'T A PERSON WITHA THIN DIME LEFT HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE.... TO PULL A JOB LIKE THAT IN THE SHORT TIME BEFORE WE GOT HERE WOULD TAKE 50 MEN! THEN, THEY COULDN'T HAVE LEFT HERE WITHOUT RUNNING INTO US AT THE EXITS!

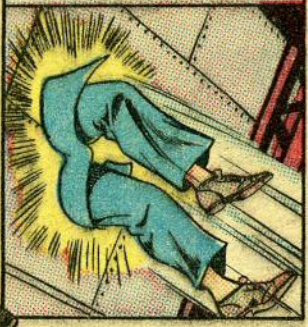


I KNOW... BUT THESE 50 OR 100 CROOKS LEFT JUST AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THEY CAME... NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!



CHUCK! YOUR ARM! LOOK!!

JUST THEN, SOMETHING PULLS CHUCK LANE RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL OF THE STEEL TUNNEL....

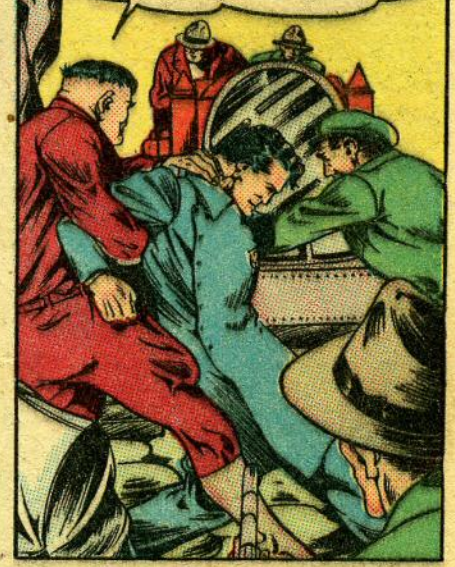


HE.. HE WENT THROUGH.. BUT THERE'S NO HOLE LEFT!!?! ???



BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL..

YOU STUPID HALF-WITS...IT'S A GOOD THING I SAW THIS GUY'S ARM! NOW HURRY UP AND TURN THAT MACHINE OFF!

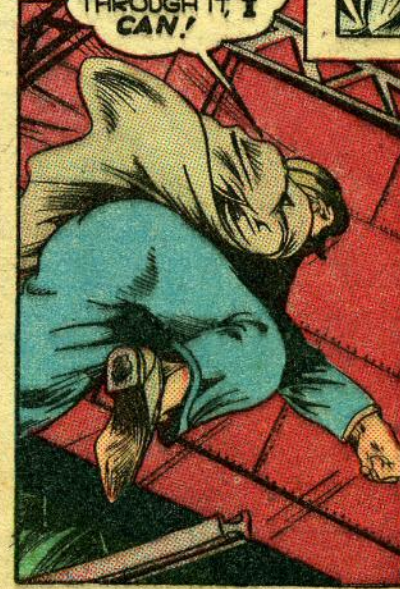


I THOUGHT TH' BOSS WAS GONNA FINISH US FOR SURE THEN!

YEAH!



SOLID STEEL, HUH?!!



.. BUT IF THAT ROOKIE WENT THROUGH IT, I CAN!



WOW!
LOOKS
LIKE
MCGINTY
IS OUT
OF THE
PICTURE
FOR
NOW....
SO LET'S
GO
BACK TO
CHUCK
LANE
AGAIN AND
SEE
IF WE
CAN GET
TO THE
BOTTOM
OF THIS
QUEER
BUSINESS
!!!



LOOK, BUD,
I'M DUMB... WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE
ANYWAY?

YOU WERE
PULLED RIGHT
THROUGH THAT
STEEL WALL!
HAW! HAW!!

YOU SEE, MY MACHINE
BREAKS SOLIDS UP INTO
THEIR SMALLEST STATE....
ATOMS! NORMALLY, THE
SOLID WOULD DISAPPEAR
INTO THIN AIR.... BUT I
FOUND THE EXACT POINT
TO BREAK A SOLID DOWN
TO, AND STILL MAKE IT
PASSABLE, WITHOUT DISTURBING
IT'S ORIGINAL FORM!

NOT
BAD!
NOT BAD?? I OUGHT
TO CROAK YOU FOR
THAT! I'M A
GENIUS... AN' YOU
KNOW IT! C'MON,
YOU GUYS... WE
GOTTA JOIN TH'
OTHERS!



HEY!
WHERE
YOU
GOING
?

TO EMPTY THE
VAULT OF THE
FIRST NATIONAL
BANK! AS SOON
AS I'M THROUGH
I'LL BE BACK
TO PUT A 45'
SINKER IN YA!

THE STRANGE MACHINE
BACKS INTO AN OLD
TUNNEL AND THE MEN
FOLLOW! THEN.. AS THE
LAST MAN PASSES
CHUCK....

HEY BUD..
DO ME
A FAVOR?

WELL, I DUNNO
..WHAT IS
IT?

LOOSEN
MY COLLAR SO IT
DOESN'T CHOKE ME...
IT'LL SPOIL YOUR
BOSS'S FUN OF
SHOOTING ME!



OH.. DEN I'M NOT DOIN' YOU
A FAVOR.. BUT TH' BOSS..
OKAY, COPPER!



AS THE THUG BENDS OVER
CHUCK, HE SWINGS HIS LEGS
AROUND AND THROWS THE
MAN OFF HIS FEET....



HEY!



RIGHT
ON THE
BOTTOM!

HA! HA!! NOW TO
GET THESE ROPES
CUT AND DO A
LITTLE CHANGING
AROUND HERE!

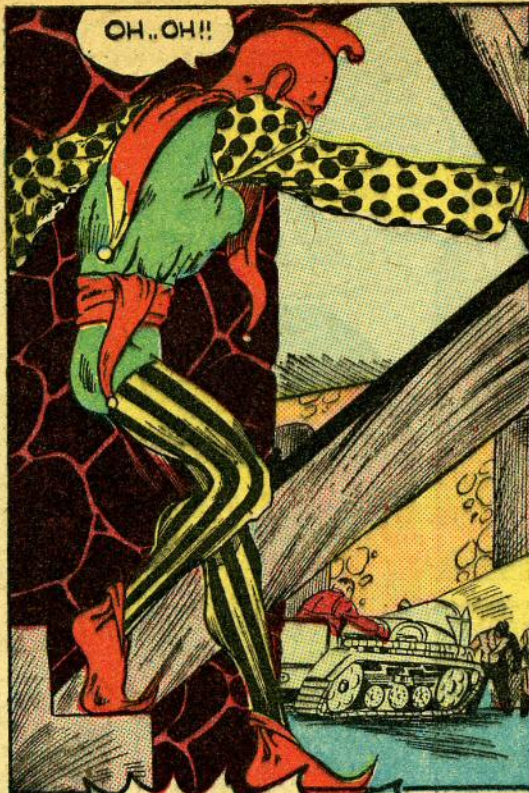


THERE...
THAT SHOULD
COMPLETE
IT!!

BEFORE LONG, CHUCK HAS
CHANGED TO HIS FABULOUS
ROLE AS THE JESTER.. HE
HAS PUT HIS POLICEMAN'S
UNIFORM ON THE THUG.....



NOW TO CATCH UP WITH THE RATS!



OH..OH!!

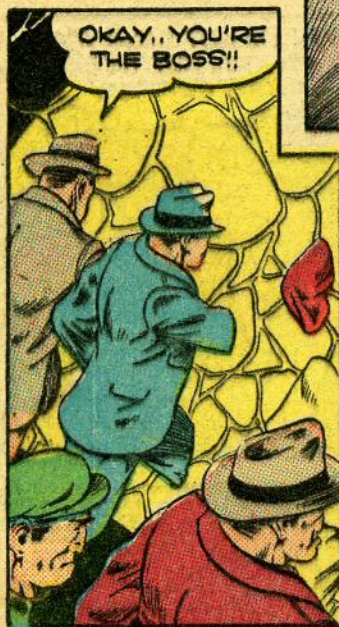


JOE.. LORENZO.. SMOKEY.. GET A MOVE ON AND GET IN THAT VAULT!!

OKAY.. HOW ABOUT THE REST OF US?



TH' REST OF YOU GUYS GIT IN THERE TOO.. I WANT THIS JOB OVER IN A HURRY! HA! HA!!



OKAY.. YOU'RE THE BOSS!!

HEY! I DIDN'T SAY THAT!!



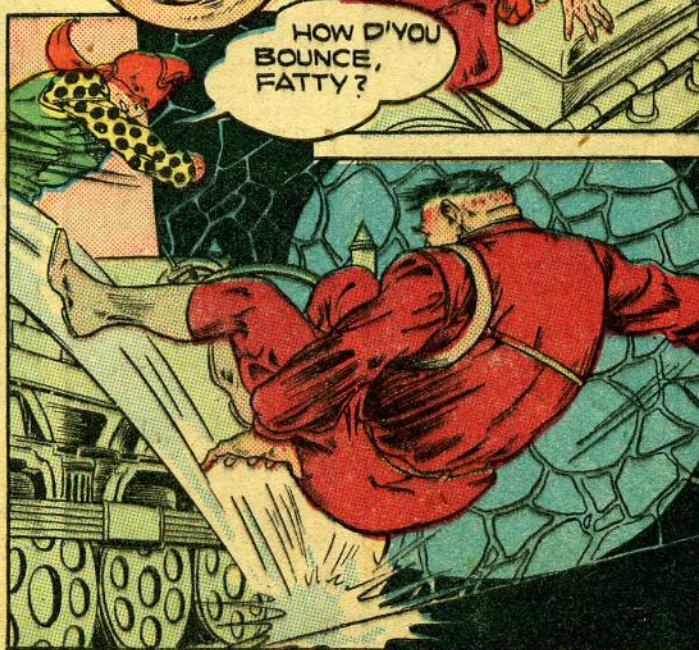
THAT'S TOO LATE NOW.. THEY'RE IN THE VAULT, PAL!!



WHY, YA !!!!



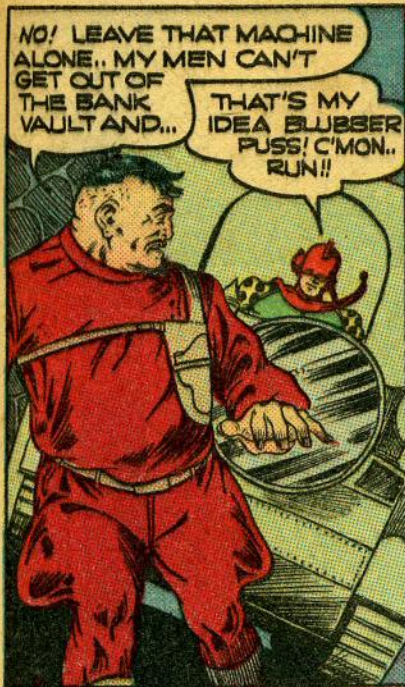
YES? WHAT??



HOW D'YOU BOUNCE, FATTY?



HMMM... THIS RIG IS NOTHING MORE THAN A GLORIFIED TRACTOR! HEY, FATSTUFF.. START RUNNING OR I'LL MOW YOU DOWN!



NO! LEAVE THAT MACHINE ALONE.. MY MEN CAN'T GET OUT OF THE BANK VAULT AND...

THAT'S MY IDEA BLUBBER PUSS! C'MON.. RUN!!



RACING THE TRACTOR BEHIND THE LEADER OF THE GANG THE JESTER CHASES HIM BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT CHUCK LANE...

HUH?

HA! HA!



I COULD'A SWORN THAT JESTER WAS DIS COP! DEN HE'S ONE OF ME OWN GANG! WHY, TH' NO-GOOD RAT!!



HA! HA! HA!! JUST CALL ME SLUGGER!



GOT ANY IDEA OF HOW MANY YOU KILLED IN THAT SUBWAY WRECK??



.. ENOUGH TO HANG YOU A HUNDRED TIMES!!



NOT ME.. ONCE IS ENOUGH!

LOOK.. YOU CAN PUSH YOUR HAND THROUGH IT WITHOUT FEELING A THING! C'MON.. IT'S OKAY!



SOMETIME LATER.....

SO THE REST OF YOUR GANG IS TRAPPED IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK VAULT, EH? NICE GOING LANE!!

HIM?? HAW!!



IT WAS THAT SMART JESTER GUY THAT GOT ME! HE'S ONE OF ME OWN GANG.. TH' DOITY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

YOU'RE A SAP OF A GANG LEADER I'LL SAY...



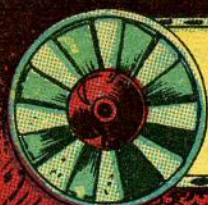
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, CHUCK LANE HAS TRAINED THE STRANGE MACHINE ON THE WALL OF THE SUBWAY TUNNEL... AND...

HELLO, MCGINTY! COME ON IN HERE!!

HOLY CATS!!

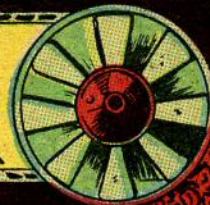


..NO MAN UNDER ME WOULD DOUBLE-CROSS OR FOOL MCGINTY.. WHY.. BLAH... BLAH...

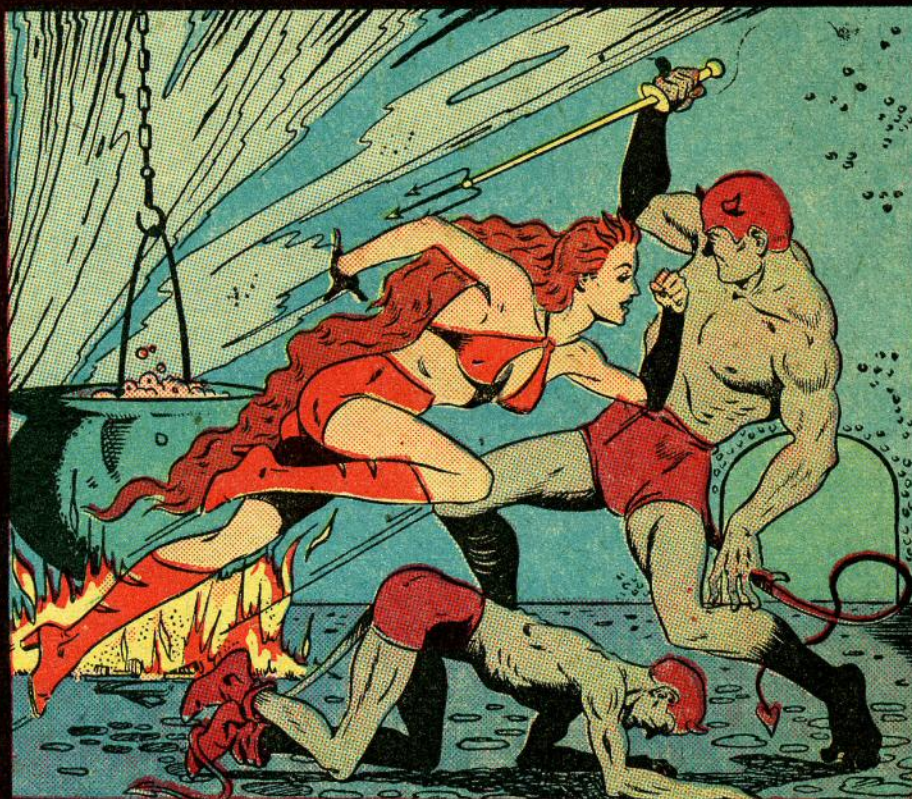


WILDFIRE

by
JIM
MOONEY
AND
ROBERT
TURNER



WITH COMPLETE POWER OVER ALL FLAMES, RECEIVED FROM THE GOD OF FIRE WHEN SHE WAS A BABY, CAROL VANCE, NOW CAROL MARTIN, THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE WEALTHY MARTIN FAMILY, GOES FORTH SECRETLY AS **WILDFIRE** USING HER FIERY FORCE AGAINST ALL WHO SEEK TO DO EVIL..



WHILE ON A TRIP TO THE WEST COAST WITH HER PARENTS, CAROL MARTIN VISITS ACME PRODUCTIONS TO WATCH THE SHOOTING OF A MOVIE SCENE.

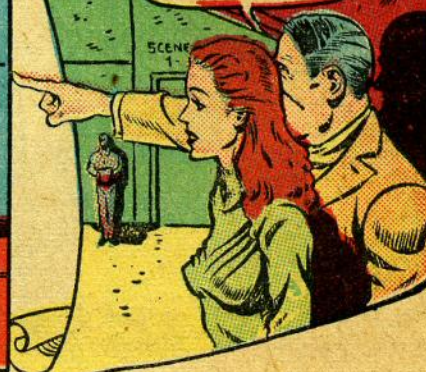
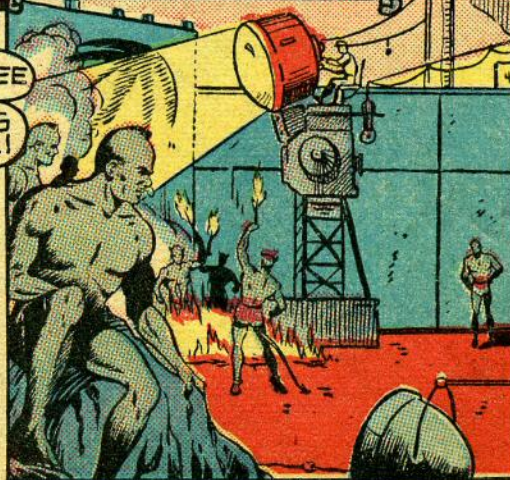
IT MUST BE INTERESTING TO OWN A BIG STUDIO LIKE YOURS, MR. CONWAY!

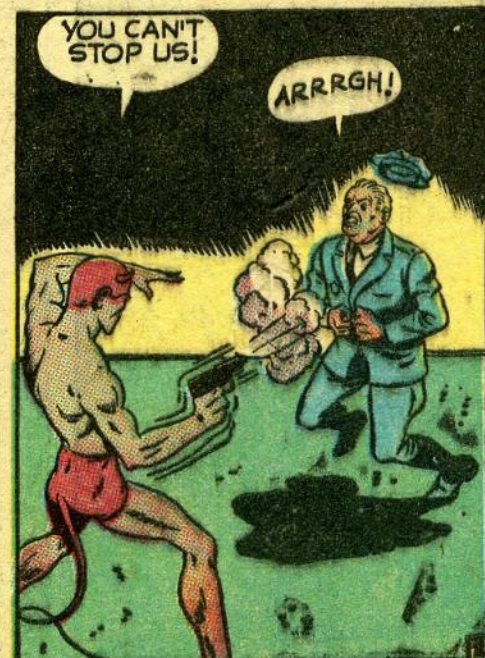
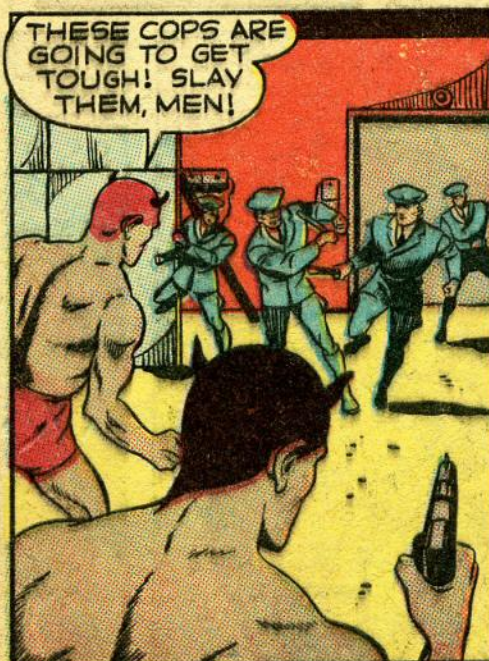
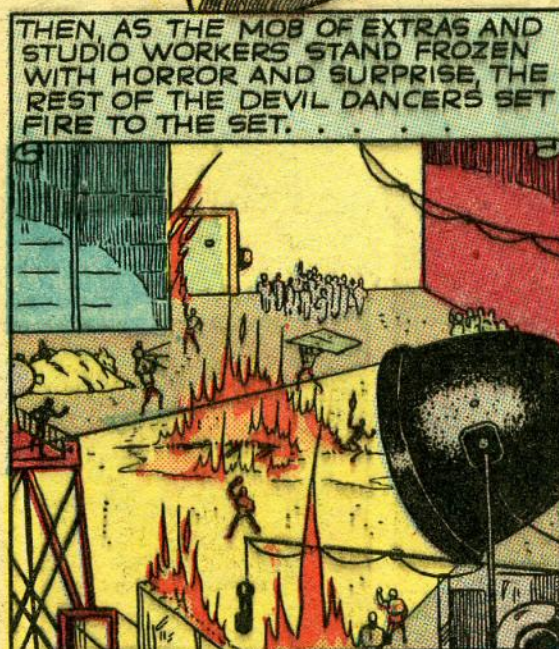
SOME TIMES, MISS MARTIN, WE CAN VISIT STAGE THREE NOW, WHERE THEY'RE SHOOTING A JUNGLE SERIAL!

ON THE SET AS CAROL AND THE STUDIO OWNER ENTER.

WHAT AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT!

IN THIS SEQUENCE THE NATIVES ARE HOLDING A DEVIL DANCE JUST BEFORE SACRIFICING THE HEROINE TO THEIR PAGAN GOD!



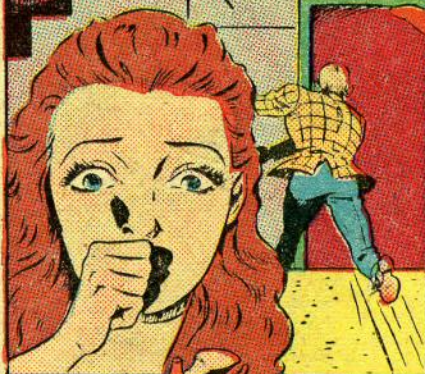


THE NEXT INSTANT, ONE OF THE GIANT BACKDROPS, WEAKENED BY THE RAVAGING FLAMES, TOPPLES, AND...



OOH! THOSE POOR PEOPLE! THIS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED!

RUN, MISS MARTIN! I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE I GET KILLED TOO!

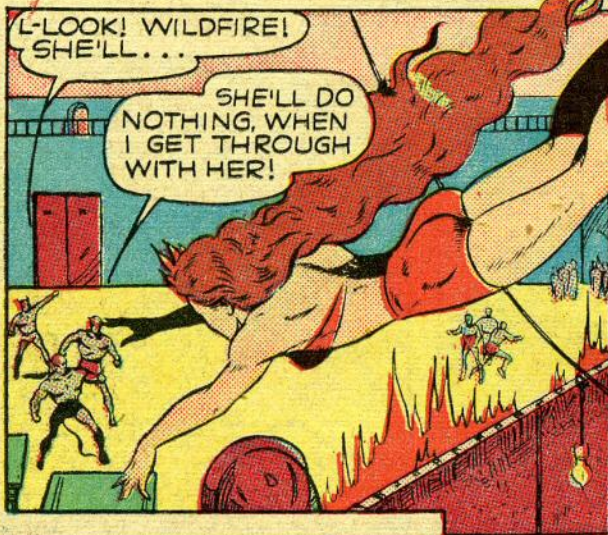


ANGRY AT WHAT HAS OCCURRED, CAROL DARTS BEHIND A BUILDING AND EMERGES AS WILDFIRE, THE PRINCESS OF FLAMES.



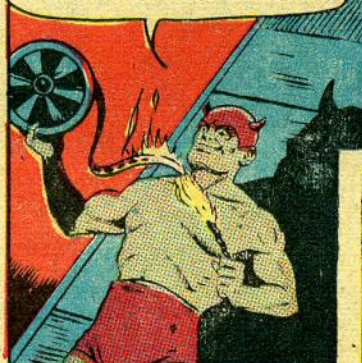
L-LOOK! WILDFIRE! SHE'LL...

SHE'LL DO NOTHING, WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HER!



AS WILDFIRE RUSHES TO BATTLE THE MAD DEVIL DANCERS, ONE OF THEM PULLS A FEATURE REEL OF FILMS FROM A BOX.

THAT FIRE-FRAIL THINKS SHE'S SO HOT, I'LL MAKE HER DO A FAST BURN!



TANGLE YOUR TOES IN THAT AWHILE!

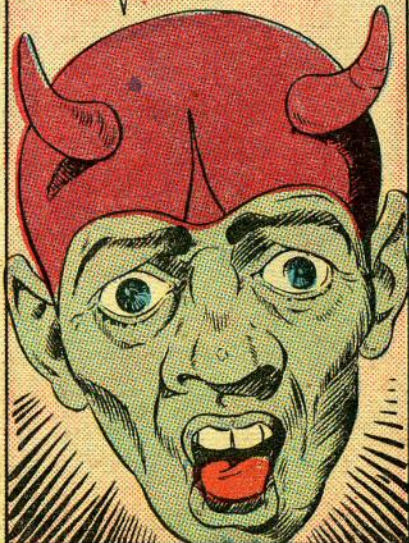
A VERY CLEVER TRICK, BUT...



...BUT I HAPPEN TO BE IMMUNE TO FLAMES!



D-D-DID YOU SEE TH-THAT! SHE DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE LITTLE BLISTER OF A BURN!



WILDFIRE NOW PULLS SOME OF THE FLAMES TOWARD HER AND FORMS A BOW AND ARROW OF FIRE...

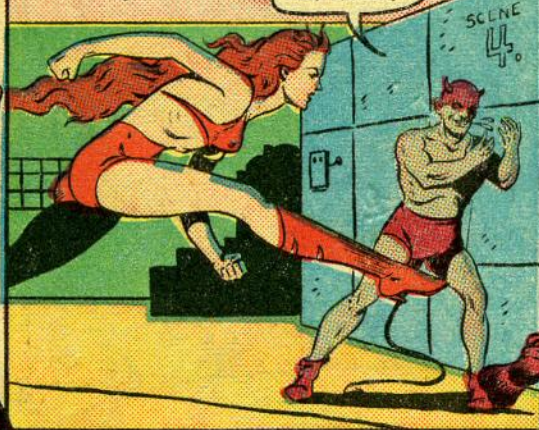


SO WHAT! YOU FOR-
GET WE HAVE ASBES-
TOS SUITS, SHE
CAN'T HURT US!



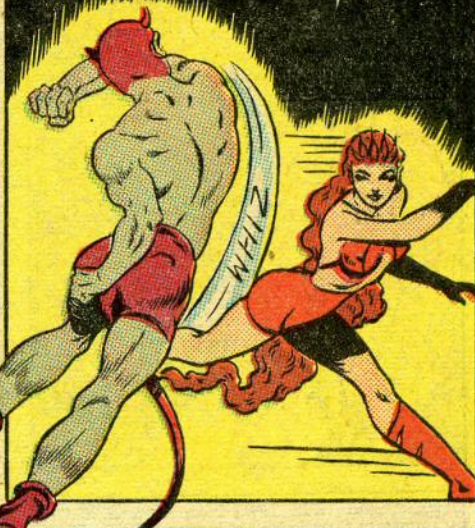
YOU'VE GOT ME STUMPED, AL-
MOST!...I CAN'T USE FIRE
WEAPONS AGAINST YOU, BUT
I'VE STILL GOT SOME OTHER
TRICKS!

OH, BOY! I'VE AL-
WAYS WANTED
TO SMACK A
DAME!

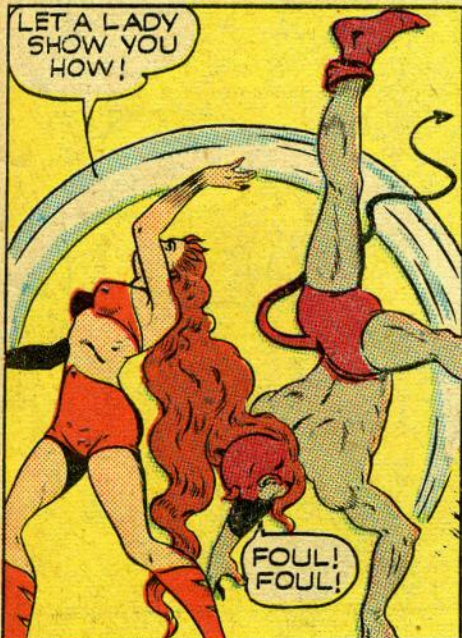


HOW DID
THAT
HAPPEN?

TCH!
TCH!



LET A LADY
SHOW YOU
HOW!



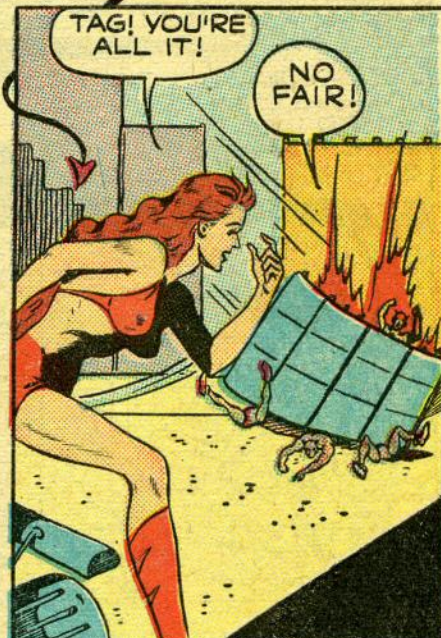
SHE CAN'T DO
THAT! GANG
UP ON HER!

GOING TO
MAKE IT A
PARTY, EH?



TAG! YOU'RE
ALL IT!

NO
FAIR!



THAT'LL HOLD THEM FOR
AWHILE! I'D BETTER PUT
THE FIRES OUT BEFORE
THEY SPREAD TOO
MUCH!



LET'S GO MEET THE BOSS
AND COLLECT OUR PAY!
WILDFIRE CAN'T STOP
THE STUDIO FROM
BURNING DOWN
NOW!

SHE'S A
TOUGH
BABE!



WILDFIRE NOW RUSHES FROM
PLACE TO PLACE, PULLING THE
FLAMES TO HER. . . .

YOUR TIME OF DESTRUCTION
IS OVER, FLAMES, COME
TO YOUR MISTRESS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE.



HEY! THE FIRE'S ALL BEEN PUT OUT!

NO WONDER, LOOK! WILDFIRE BEAT US TO IT!



THERE'S A NICE TARGET TO SHOOT AT!

THEN WILDFIRE LEAPS TO ONE OF THE ENGINES, GRABS A HOSE AND. .



WELL, I'LL BE...

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF MARTIN CONWAY, OWNER OF THE STUDIO. .

LISTEN, CONWAY, WE DID THE JOB. WE SET FIRE TO THE STUDIO LIKE YOU ORDERED US TO! NOW WE WANT TO GET PAID OFF. . PLENTY!

B-BUT I ONLY AGREED TO PAY YOU \$50 EACH! N-NOW YOU WANT \$5,000! I HAVEN'T GOT THAT KIND OF MONEY!

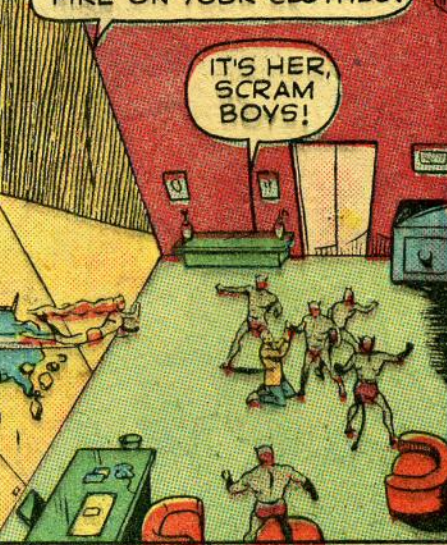


YOU GOT IT AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY IT OR ELSE..

B-BUT YOU GUYS DIDN'T DO A GOOD JOB! THE STUDIO DIDN'T BURN! WILDFIRE..



DID SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?.. IT'S A GOOD THING I TRAILED THE SCENT OF FIRE ON YOUR CLOTHES!



IT'S HER, SCRAM BOYS!

LIKE A BLAZING WHIRLWIND, WILDFIRE RIPS INTO THE SURPRISED AND STARTLED THUGS.



HALLUP!

PUT ME DOWN!

I G-GIVE UP!

CONWAY, YOU MISERABLE MURDERER! YOU KILLED DOZENS OF EXTRAS TO COLLECT FIRE INSURANCE! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU!

N-NO, NO! PLEASE MISS W-WILDFIRE, SPARE ME! I'LL CONFESS E-EVERYTHING



THAT NIGHT IN THE SUITE OF HER HOLLYWOOD HOTEL. . .

HMM! "STUDIO" OWNER CONFESSES ARSON BUT PROMISES TO SUPPORT FAMILIES OF EMPLOYEES KILLED IN BLAZE!" I WONDER WHAT MADE HIM DO THAT?



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

ART GORDON

ON A DARK AND MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN, KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, STUMBLES UPON A THREATENING SORE SPOT IN THE SIDE OF DEMOCRACY....



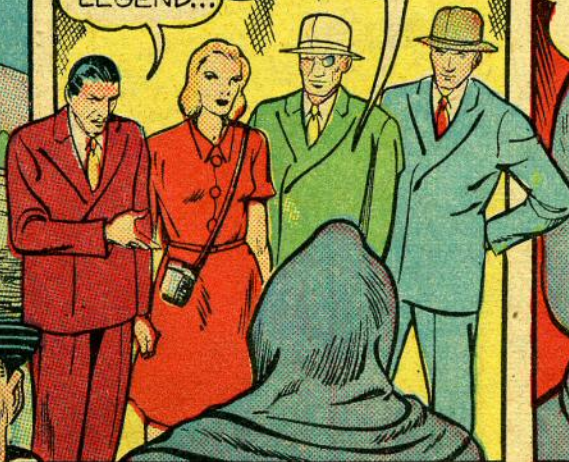
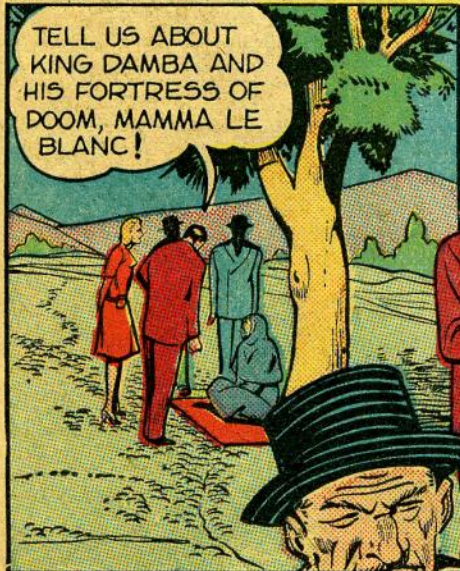
A GROUP OF TOURISTS GATHER AROUND AN OLD WOMAN.....

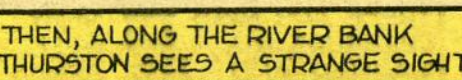
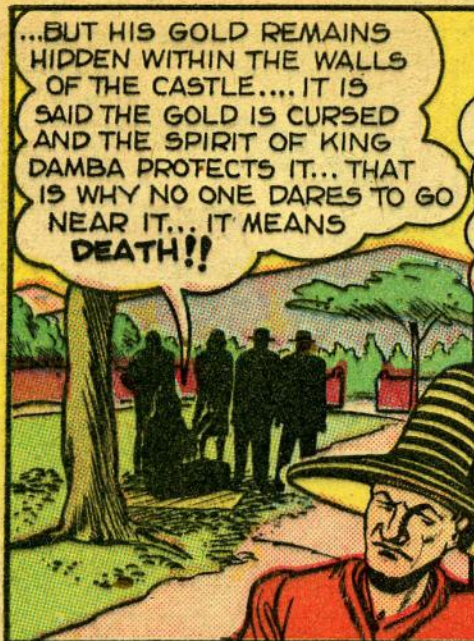
TELL US ABOUT KING DAMBA AND HIS FORTRESS OF DOOM, MAMMA LE BLANC!

THESE ARE MISS CHAMBERS, MR. WAGNER, AND MR. THURSTON.... THEY ARE EAGER TO HEAR THE LEGEND...

VERY WELL, SENOR LOPEZ.... LISTEN!

MANY YEARS AGO KING DAMBA WHO RULED OUR PEOPLE BUILT A FORTRESS OF SOLID STONE ON HIS ISLAND KINGDOM...HE WAS RICH AND CRUEL—ONE DAY THE PEASANTS REVOLTED AND KILLED HIM.....

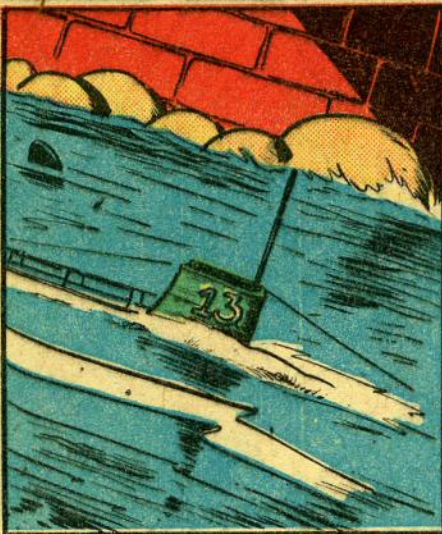




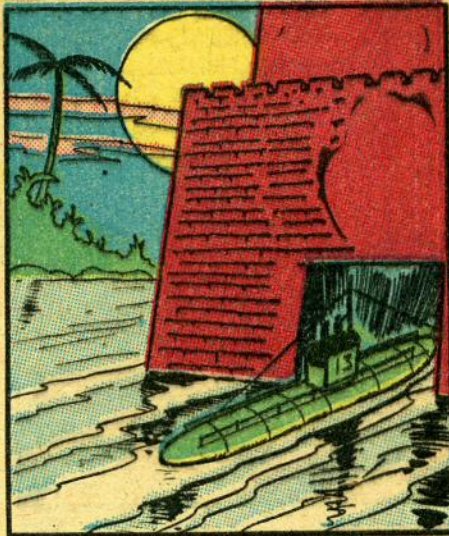
WAGNER'S HERE ON A SECRET MISSION.... BRITISH SHIPS ARE BEING SUNK NEAR HERE AND NOW A SHIPMENT OF OIL... THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING...HEY-!



AT THIS MOMENT THE TROPICAL WATERS OF THE RIVER ARE BROKEN BY A JUTTING OBJECT...



BEFORE THE FORTRESS OF DOOM THE CRAFT STOPS... THEN TO THURSTON'S AMAZEMENT.....



SO! THE FORTRESS OF DOOM IS THE BASE, EH? IT'S TIME THE DEMOCRACIES TOOK A HAND... AND THE INVISIBLE HOOD'S THE ONE TO DO IT!



LATER-AN INVISIBLE FIGURE OPENS THE DOOR OF GASPAR'S TRADING POST...



THE DOOR! IT'S OPENING BY ITSELF-

YOUR NERVES ARE BAD, GASPAR- IT IS ONLY THE WIND!

LET'S GO! WE ARE LATE!

YES, OF COURSE! I WILL OPEN THE TRAPDOOR!



THE HOOD GOES INTO ACTION....



GASPAR FLEES DOWN THE TRAPDOOR INTO THE TUNNEL...

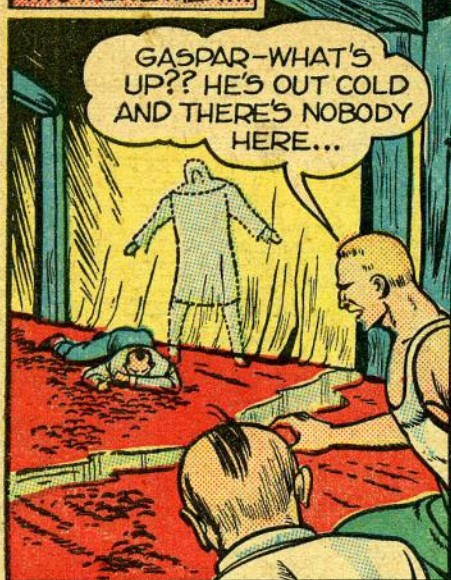


FIRST THE DOOR OPENS- THEN TIO AND JOE ARE KNOCKED OUT... IT'S THE GHOST OF KING DAMBA... I KNOW IT! OH ME-

NOW THAT YOU'VE SHOWN ME THE WAY, HERE'S YOUR REWARD FOR YOUR PART IN THIS DIRTY BUSINESS!



GASPAR'S CALL FOR HELP BRINGS TWO MORE MEN...

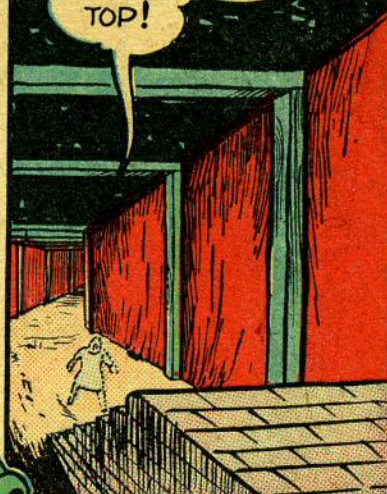


GASPAR-WHAT'S UP?? HE'S OUT COLD AND THERE'S NOBODY HERE...

THIS SAYS SOMEBODY'S HERE, BROTHER!



THIS PASSAGE LEADS RIGHT UNDER THE RIVER BED INTO THE FORTRESS... NOW TO THE TOP!

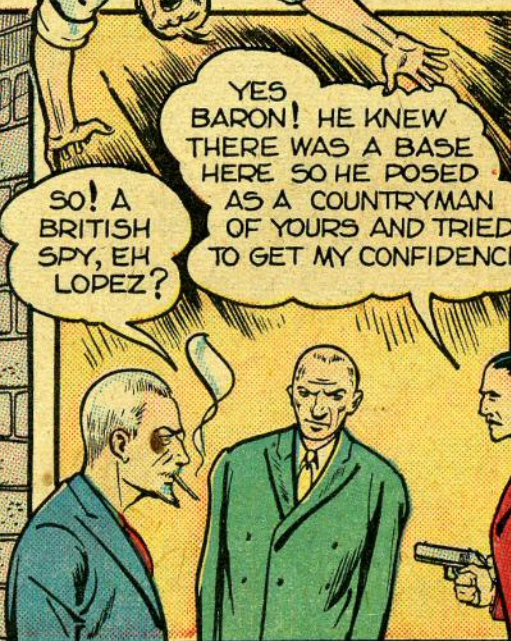


THERE THEY ARE- WHAT TH-!! THEY'VE GOT WAGNER.... BUT I THOUGHT--



SO! A BRITISH SPY, EH LOPEZ?

YES BARON! HE KNEW THERE WAS A BASE HERE SO HE POSED AS A COUNTRYMAN OF YOURS AND TRIED TO GET MY CONFIDENCE!



BUT I SUSPECTED FROM THE START, WHEN I HEARD HIM LISTENING TO THE NEWS, I KNEW!

GOOT WORK, LOPEZ- WE'LL FEED HIM TO THE SHARKS-THEN WE'LL GO OUT AND SINK A FEW MORE BRITISH SHIPS HA-HA-! THROW HIM OVER!



SUDDENLY THE BRITISH SPY MAKES A DARING MOVE.....



YOU FOOLS! BEFORE I WAS CAUGHT I HAD ALREADY RADIOED THE LOCATION OF THIS BASE....BOMBING PLANES FROM OUR NEAREST FIELD WILL BLAST THIS FORTRESS OUT OF THE RIVER!!

SHOOT HIM, BARON...OR HE'LL TAKE BOTH OF US DOWN.....

YAS, LOPEZ! HOLD HIM STILL...



AT THIS MOMENT THE INVISIBLE HOOD LEAPS INTO THE FRAY.....



SOMETHING IS HOLDING MY ARM----

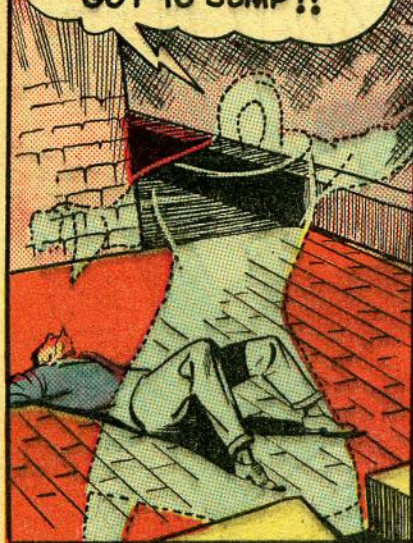
LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT THE TWO MEN GO OVER THE BRINK INTO THE SHARK-INFESTED WATER BELOW....



MEANWHILE THE FOREIGN LEADER AND THE HOOD STRUGGLE FOR LIFE...



WHAT'S THAT? PLANES— HERE THEY COME... GOT TO JUMP!!



LIKE HUNGRY HAWKS THE PLANES SWOOP OVER THE FORTRESS OF DOOM, RELEASING THEIR DEADLY CARGO...



IN THE WATERS BELOW...

I SHOULD LET YOU DROWN, LOPEZ, BUT YOU'LL GET A WORSE FATE WHEN I TURN YOU OVER TO YOUR GOVERNMENT!



AS THE TWO MEN REACH SAFETY AN INVISIBLE FIGURE ALSO REACHES THE BANK....

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE HOTEL!



NEXT DAY.

SO THE FORTRESS OF DOOM WAS A BASE FOR SUBS TO ATTACK BRITISH AND NEUTRAL SHIPPING, EH? SOUNDS EXCITING....

RIGHT, THURSTON, OLD BOY— IT ALL OCCURRED WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP!



MIDNIGHT



THIS IS MIDNIGHT
ENEMY OF
CRIME



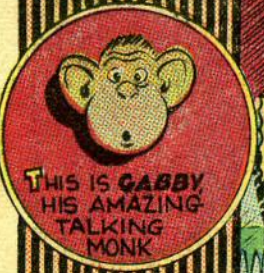
THIS IS THE BLACK
AND BLUE REVERS-
IBLE SUIT WORN
BY HIM.



THIS IS HIS ONLY
WEAPON... THE
VACUUM
GUN.



THIS IS HIS HELPER,
DOC WACKEY,
THE INVENTOR



THIS IS GABBY
HIS AMAZING
TALKING
MONK



AND THIS IS THE
WRIST RADIO
WORN BY EACH
TO CONTACT THE
OTHER!



by Jack
Cole

**DO YOU
REMEMBER HIM?**

CHANGO, THE EVIL
MAGICIAN WHO
CAUSED SO MUCH
TROUBLE IN **BIG
CITY** A FEW
MONTHS AGO IS
AT IT AGAIN.....
MORE CRAFTY, MORE
VICIOUS THAN EVER!

ONE RAINY
NIGHT IN
BIG CITY...

GOOD
NIGHT FOR A
MURDER,
EH, RILEY?

YOU
SAID IT!



MURDER!!
AT THIS VERY
MOMENT THE
WORD IS TO
BECOME DEED!



**THE HONORABLE J.J. FARNSBY
IS RUDELY AWAKENED FROM SLEEP.**

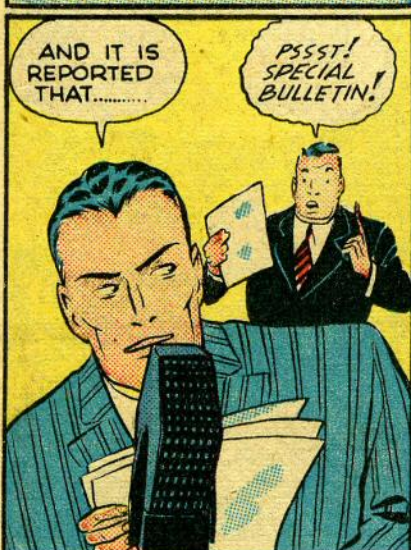
WHO'S THERE?—
G-G-G-G-G-GOOD!
G-G-G-G-G-GRIEF!
COMING THROUGH
THE WALL !!

I WANT
YOU, J.J.!

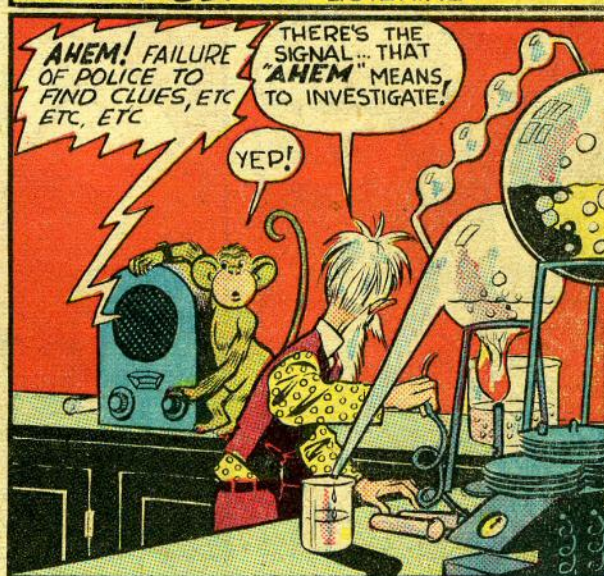




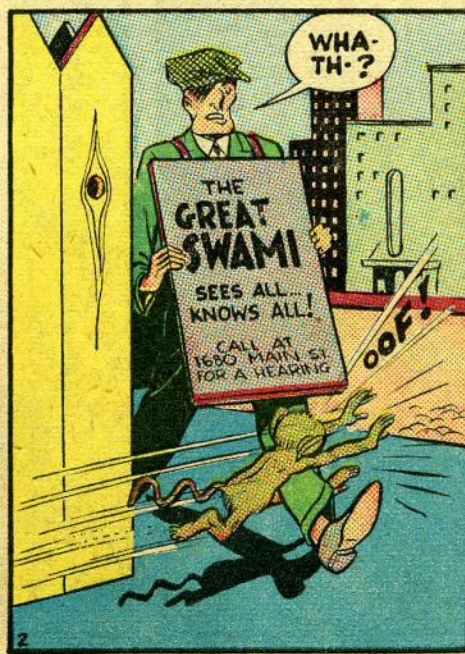
THE FOLLOWING DAY RADIO ANNOUNCER **DAVE CLARK** IS BROADCASTING THE NEWS:

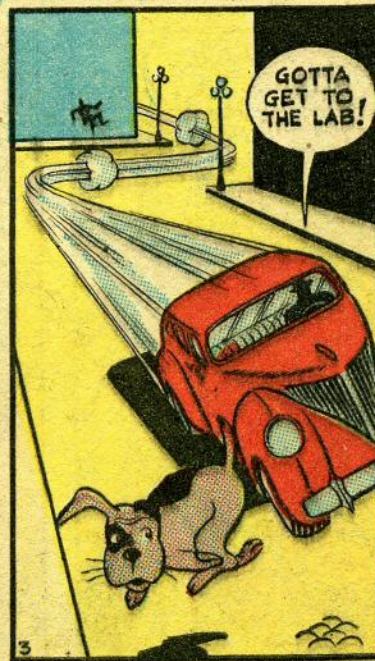
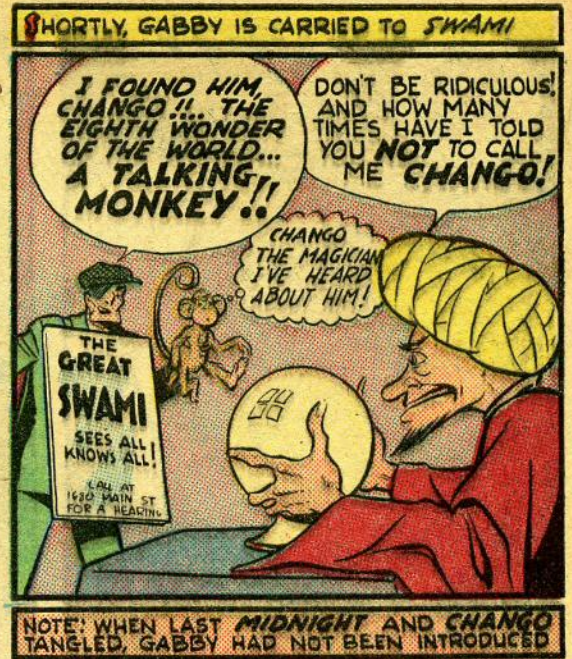
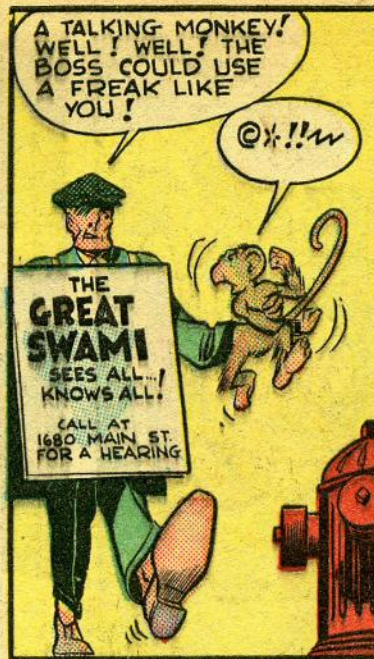


IN **DOC WACKEY'S** SECRET LABORATORY, BOTH HE AND **GABBY** ARE LISTENING:



OUT THE DOOR FLIES **GABBY**:





TELL ME, OMAR SMYTHE, WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY?

AT HOME IN A MATTRESS!

THE RAT!

USING GAB IN HIS DIRTY WORK!

A comic book illustration of a man in a blue fedora and sunglasses, with his hands on his temples, against a red background. The man has a serious expression, and the image is rendered in a classic comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette.

A comic book panel featuring a man in a dark suit and a fedora running through a red curtain. A speech bubble above him reads, "IS THIS WHERE I GET MY PALM READ?". A large red "CRASH" sound effect is written across the middle of the panel. In the foreground, a close-up of a man's face with a yellow fire helmet on his head.

A comic book panel featuring a confrontation between two men. On the left, a man with a large yellow turban and a red garment is shouting. A large speech bubble from him contains the text: "WHO'S THIS GUY, BOSS? WANT ME TO— MIDNIGHT!! DID YOU SAY, MIDNIGHT??". On the right, a man in a blue fedora and dark sunglasses looks back at him. In the background, a small man in a green suit and tie is cowering with a distressed expression. The background consists of concentric black and white circles.

A comic book panel depicting a physical confrontation. A man in a black suit and hat is shown in the process of punching a man in a green suit. The man in green is recoiling from the impact, with his mouth open in a shout. A speech bubble from the man in green contains the word "OW!". Another speech bubble from the man in black says, "SO YOU WANNA PLAY TOO.". The scene is punctuated by several red starburst symbols, indicating the force of the punch. The man in black is also shown with motion lines behind his arm, emphasizing the action. The background is a simple, textured tan color.

CATCH ME OFF MY GUARD WILL YOU ??

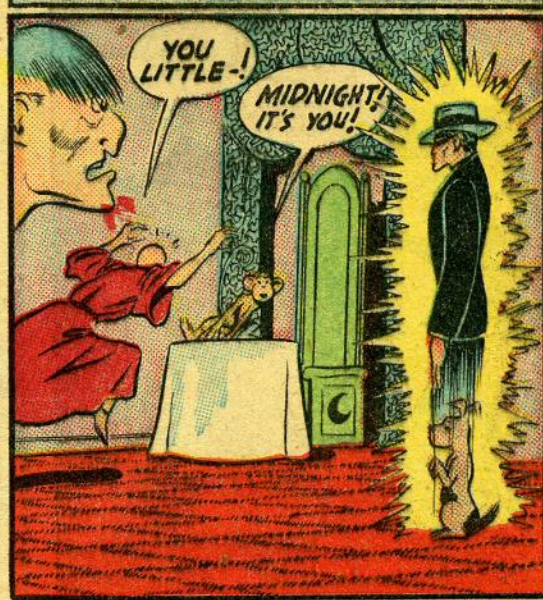
CHANGE TO A DOG!

4

AS CHANGO CONCENTRATES ON MIDNIGHT HIS HYPNOTIC HOLD ON CABBY IS RELEASED



CHANGO IS THIS TIME DISTRACTED FROM MIDNIGHT WHO IS RESTORED TO NORMAL



MIDNIGHT GRABS FOR CHANGO—



CAN YOU BEAT THAT?? BOTH VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN... HE'LL TRY TO ROB OMAR SMYTHE! AND WE'LL BE PRESENT WHEN HE MAKES THE ATTEMPT!



LATER, AT SMYTHE'S HOME.....



THAT NIGHT MIDNIGHT CRAWLS INTO SMYTHE'S BED AND CONTACTS DOC ON THE RADIO....



AND SO, DOC WATCHES OVER THE TWO AS THEY LIE SILENTLY, FEIGNING SLEEP.

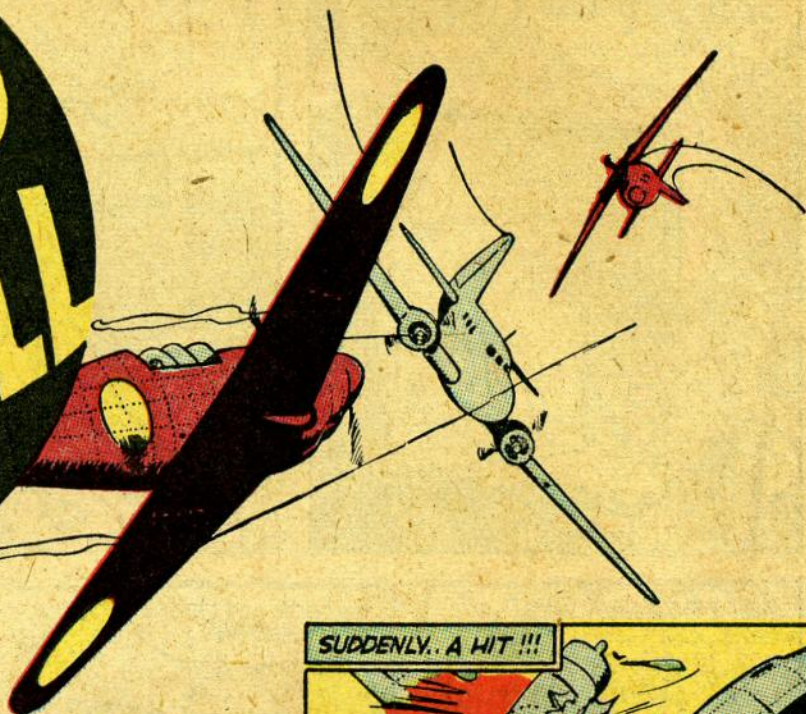




WINGS WENDALL

by
VERNON HENKEL

THE DEADLY RATTLE OF MACHINE GUNS FILLS THE SKY
OVER A COUNTRY WAR-RIDDEN FOR FIVE YEARS...



INSIDE A TRAPPED TRANSPORT



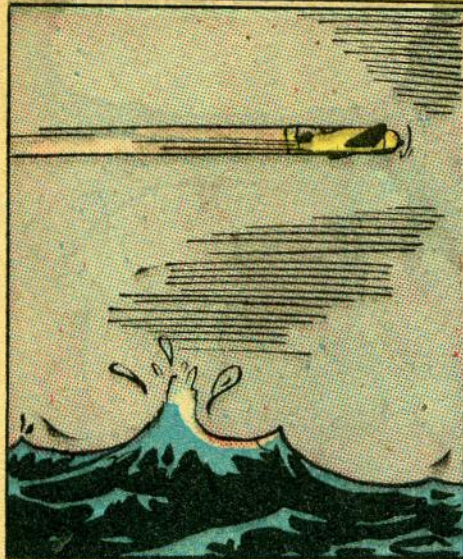
BUT LIKE HORNETS THE ATTACKING FIGHTERS PURSUE THEIR PREY...



LATER IN WASHINGTON D.C.



SOON WINGS WENDALL IS FLYING THE PACIFIC IN THE BULLET-PLANE.. THE FASTEST PLANE IN THE WORLD..



CHINA!
NOW TO
FIND
AGENT 5!



BUT THE WATCHFUL INVADERS' SPOT WING'S SHIP....

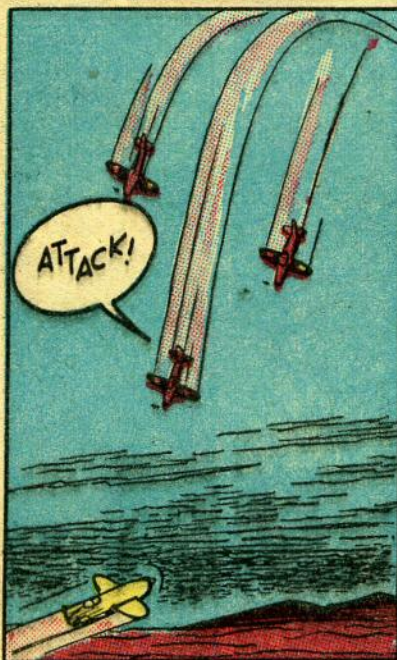
ALIEN PLANE
FLYING OVER
LINES..SEND
SQUADRON TO
INTERCEPT!



WOW! PURSUIT
SHIPS TEARING AT
ME AND I'M
RUNNING OUT
OF GAS!!



ATTACK!

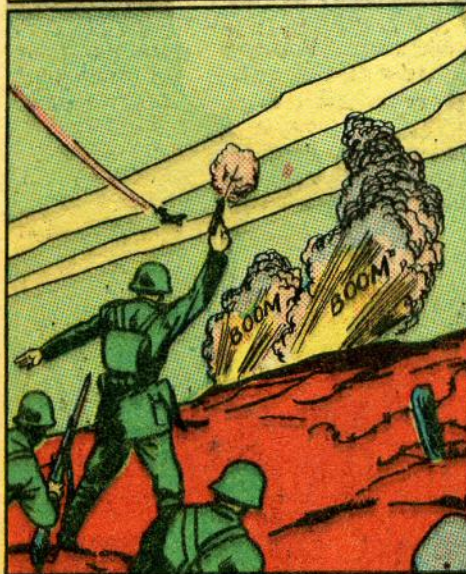


AS
HOT STEEL
SINGS AFTER
HIM, WINGS
USES A
FINAL BURST
OF SPEED
TO OUT-
DISTANCE
THE ATTACKERS

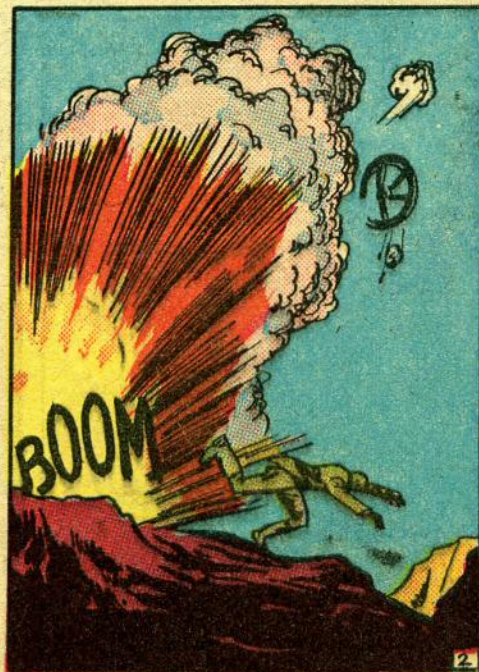


MY TANK'S
EMPTY.. IF
I CAN ONLY
BEAT THEM
TO THE
GROUND!!

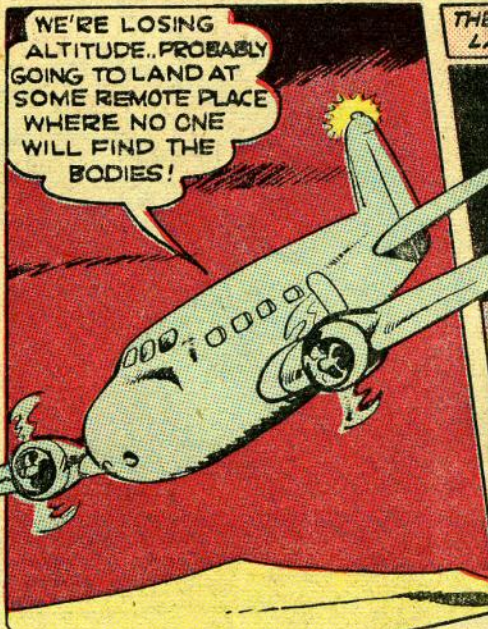
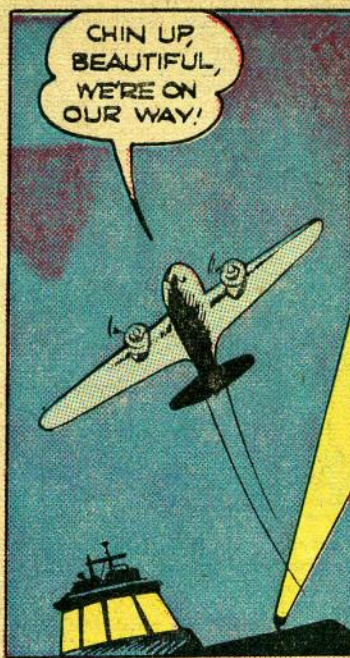
AT THAT MOMENT A CHARGE IS
SOUNDED AND A BARRAGE IS OPENED,
COVERING AN INVADER ATTACK.....



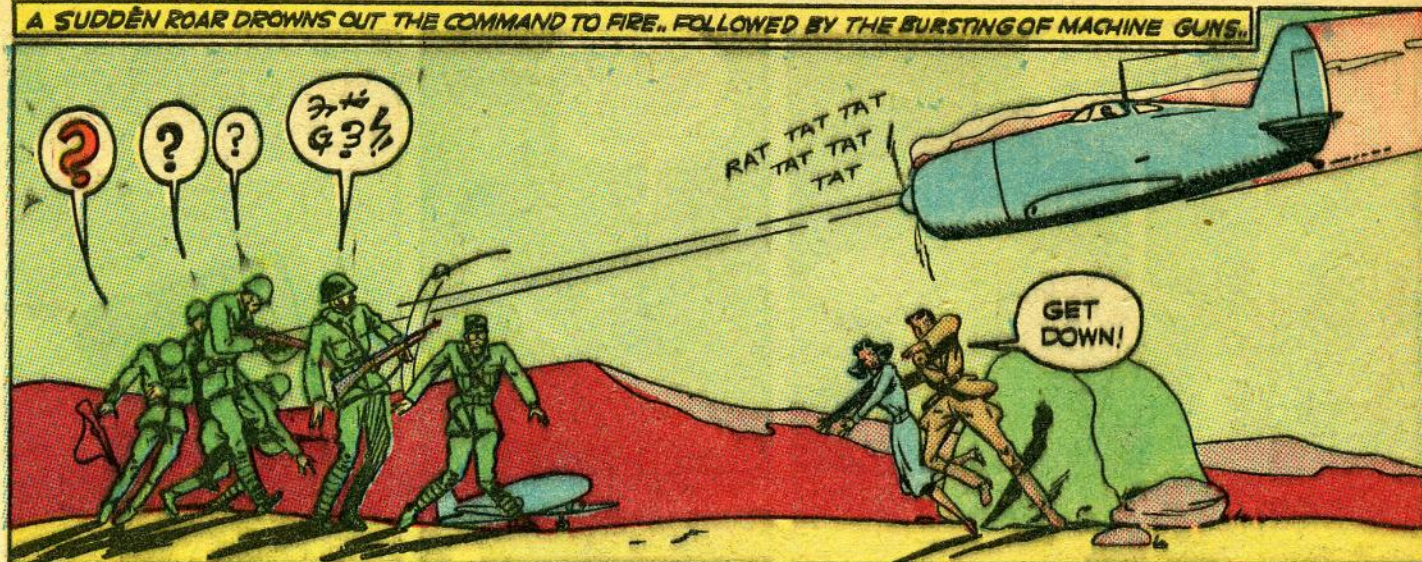
YOU'D THINK
THERE IS A WAR
GOING ON THE
WAY THEY CARRY
ON OVER HERE!



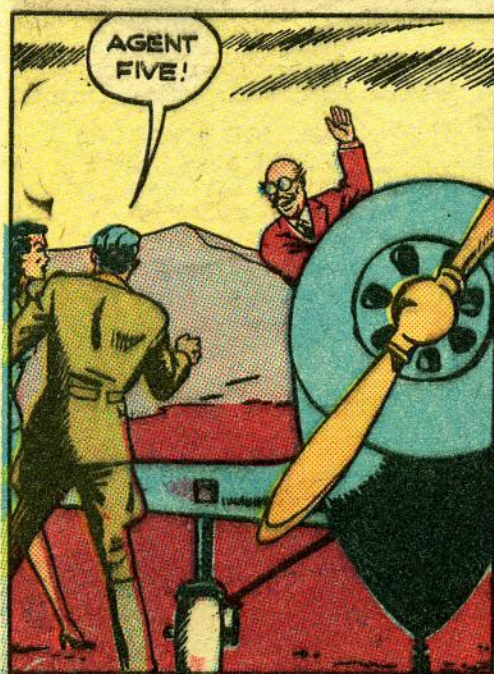
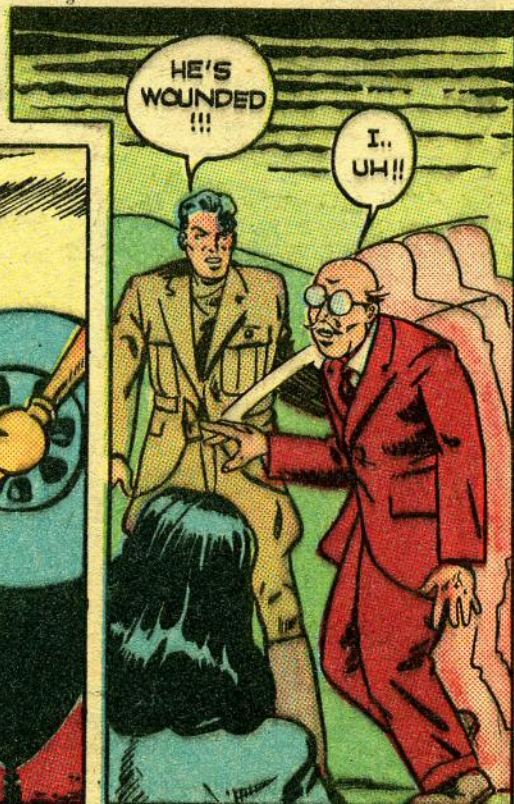


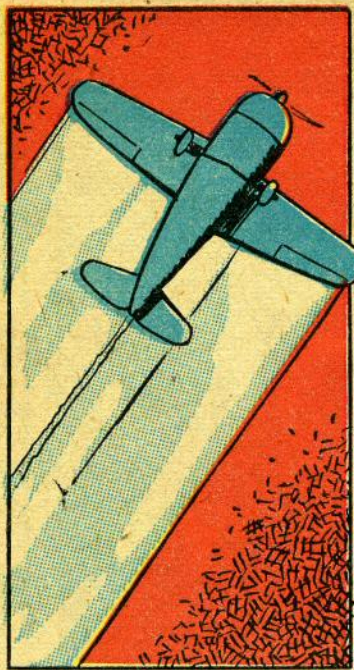
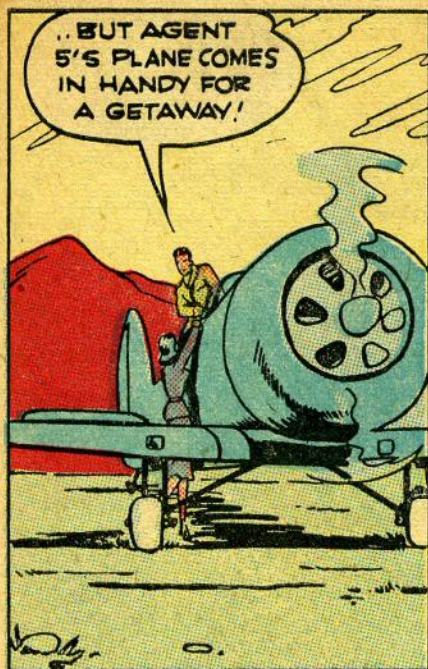


A SUDDEN ROAR DROWNS OUT THE COMMAND TO FIRE.. FOLLOWED BY THE BURSTING OF MACHINE GUNS..

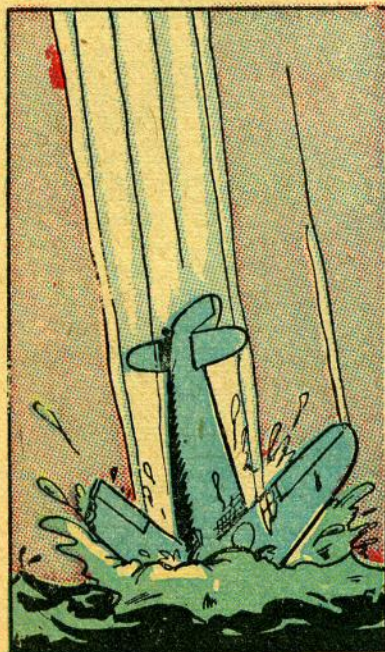
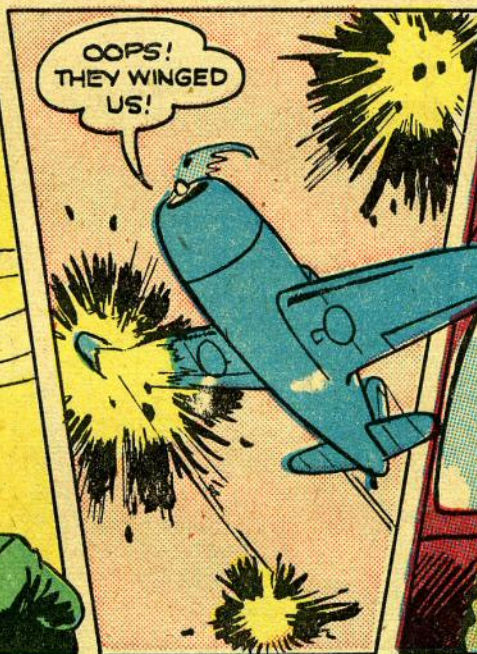


WOUNDED AND BEHINDERED THE OFFICER FIRES POINT BLANK AT WINGS...





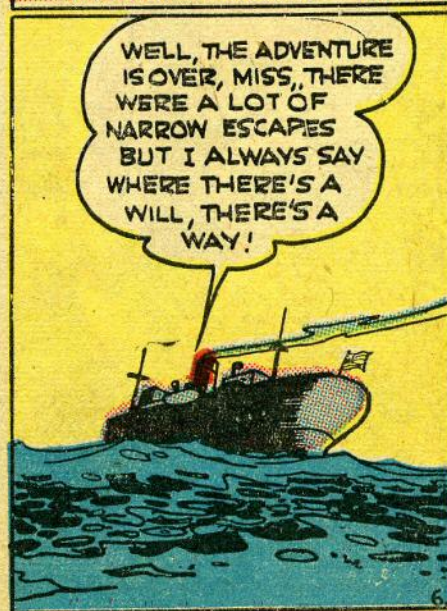
DEADLY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OPEN UP, SPRAYING THE SKIES WITH STEEL...

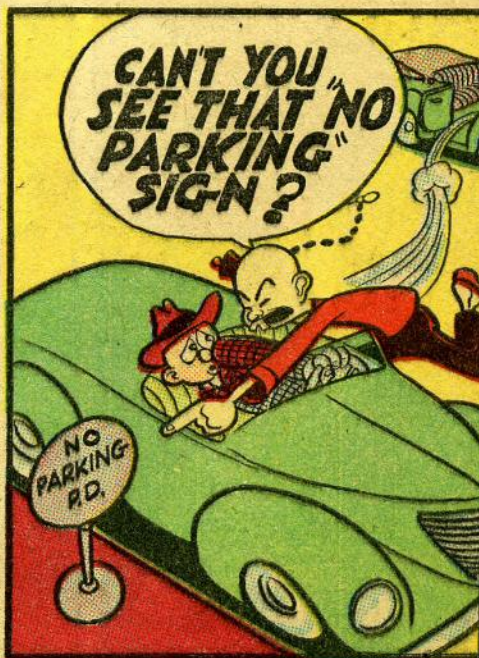
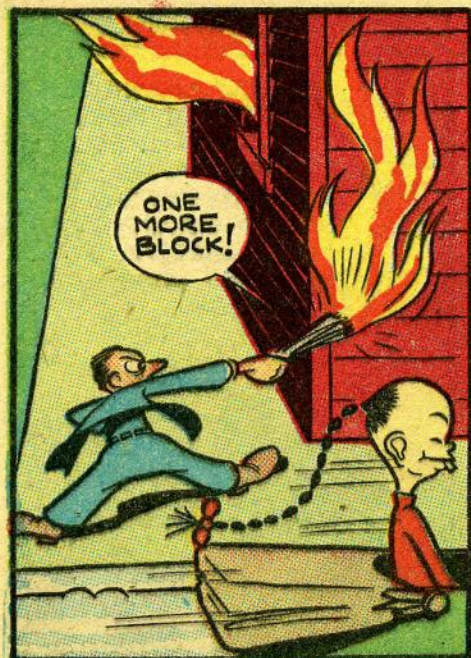
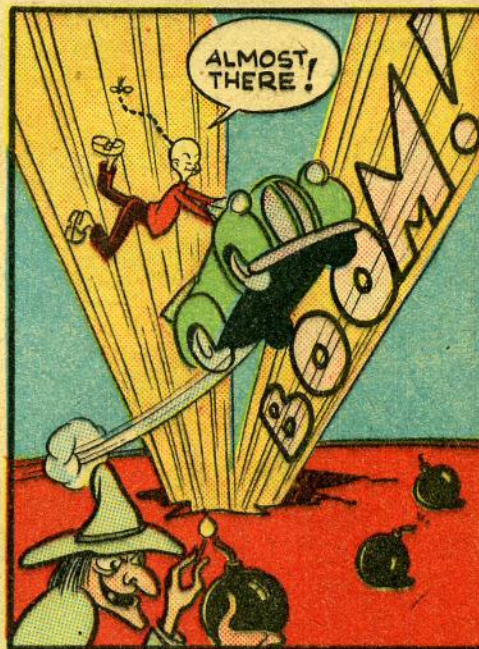
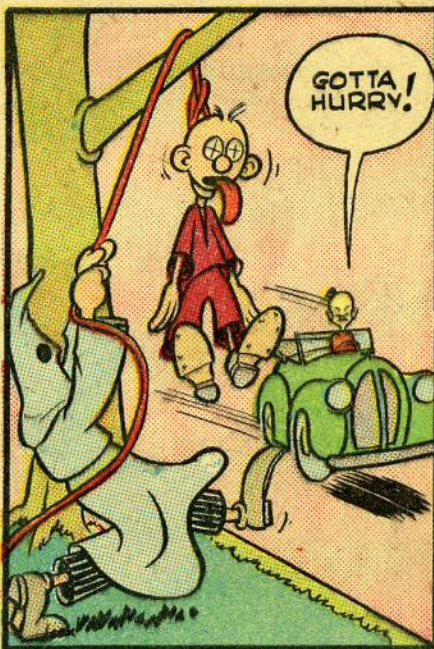
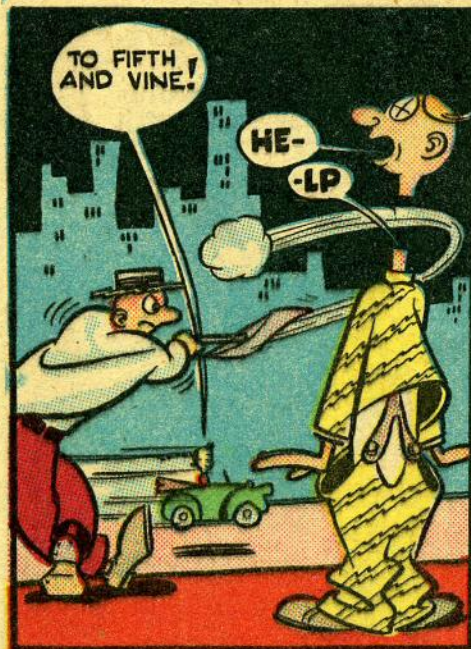
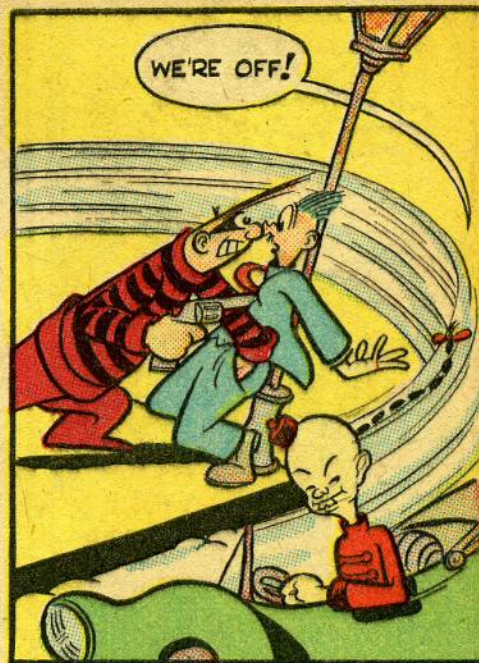
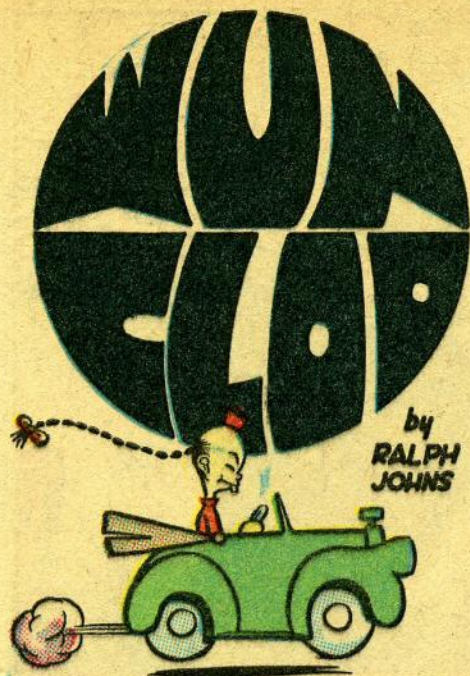


AS WINGS AND THE GIRL FREE THEMSELVES FROM THE WRECKAGE, AN OUTGOING SHIP PASSES.



AND AT LAST.. HOMEWARD BOUND...





THE Purple TRIO

BY
S.M. REGI



STARRING!
ROCKY, STRONG MAN...
WARREN, VENTRILOQUIST
...TINY, ... MIDGET

THE EX-VAUDEVILLE TEAM
PLAYS ITS BIGGEST ACT
UNREHEARSED, BELOW
THE RIO GRANDE...
NOW THE TRIO FOLLOWS
UP A MYSTERIOUS LETTER
DIRECTING THEM TO THE:
**MEXICAN
CURIO SHOP**

A MEXICAN, THE PROPRIETOR,
WELCOMES THEM.

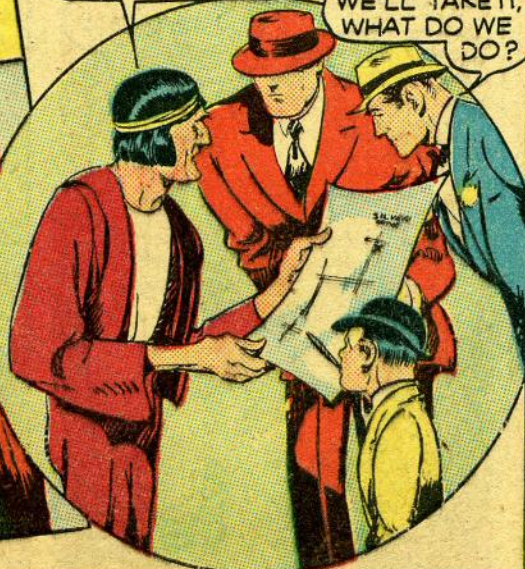
MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑORES,
FOR COMING!... I HAVE A JOB
FOR YOU... VERY IMPORTANT...
YOU GET \$15,000!!

WE'LL TAKE IT,
WHAT DO WE
DO?

NEXT DAY... THEY BEGIN THEIR
MISSION... TO DELIVER A SEALED
ENVELOPE TO THE CURIO
DEALER'S FRIEND IN XOC-
TACATAPETL, MEXICO...

HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER,
HE SAID... COULDN'T
DELIVER IT HIMSELF...
SOMETHING ABOUT
A LOST SILVER
MINE...

SAY!
AIN'T
THIS MEX-
ICAN VIEW
THE NUTS?



THE TRAIN COVERS GROUND IN TYPICAL MEXICAN FASHION.

..AND THEY CALL THIS AN EXPRESS?

YEAH.. WE COULD HITCH FASTER THAN THIS?

RELAX, BOYS.. RELAX!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIFIC JOLT SENDS THEM OFF THEIR SEATS.

ER HEY!

THE CONDUCTOR COMES BACK APOLOGIZING.

THOUSAND PARDONS? THE BRIDGE, SHE IS WEAK. WE FEEEX HER?

HOW LONG WILL THAT TAKE? WE'RE IN A HURRY!

QUIEN SABE? WHO KNOWS.. TODAY MAYBE OR MAÑANA.. WHO KNOWS?

WHY THE DICKENS AREN'T BRIDGES FIXED BEFORE TRAINS ARE DUE?

TALK ABOUT MODERN PROGRESS!

BUT SOON THE TRAIN STARTS AGAIN.. AT BREATHTAKING SPEED.

IT FLIES OVER THE BRIDGE, CRASHING INTO AN EMBANKMENT AS AN OMINOUS SPLINTERING SOUNDS BEHIND.

NOW WHAT?

THE BRIDGE.. SHE NO FEEEX SO GOOD?

SEE THE WORLD AND DIE?

TWO HOURS LATER..

WITH A REST AND A PILLOW ON MY SADDLE I COULD BE...

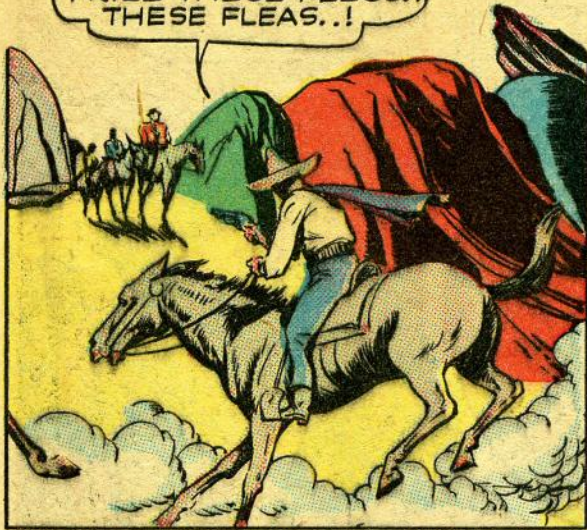
EVERYBODY HAPPY?

ALL OF A SUDDEN, A MOB OF HORSEMEN SWAMPS THE ROAD.

HALT, GRINGOS!

ALONE MEXICAN RIDES UP BEHIND THE MOB.

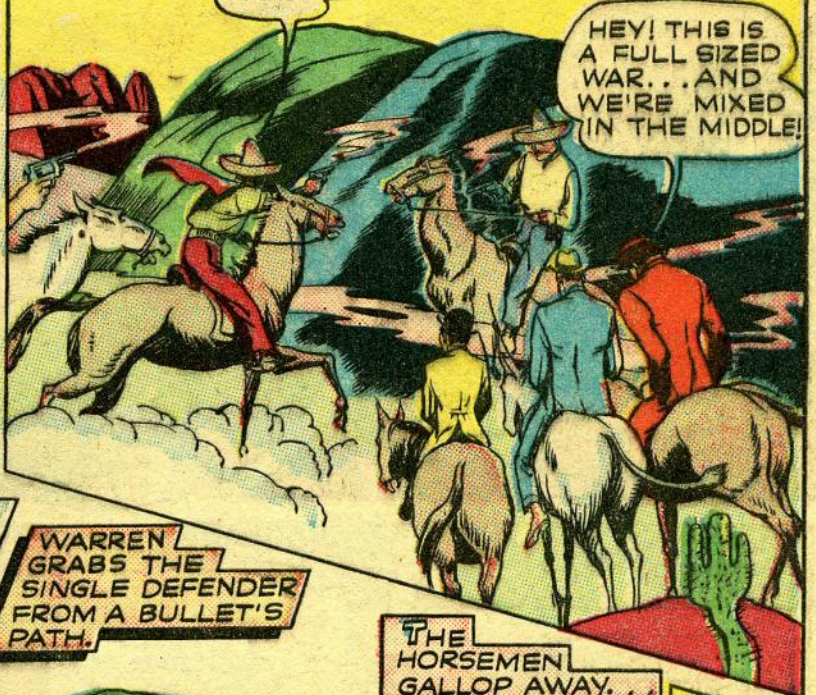
HAH! AMERICANOS!!
I KILL THESE PEEGS..
THESE FLEAS..!



WHILE THE TRIO WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT,
THE BAND PILES ON THE 'LONE RANGER'!

WE KEEL YOU..
RIP ZE COWARD
HEART FROM
YOU!

HEY! THIS IS
A FULL SIZED
WAR...AND
WE'RE MIXED
IN THE MIDDLE!



GUN SMOKE CLOUDS THE AIR AND
GORE STAINS EVERY CACTUS.

THIS ISN'T FAIR..
IT'S A THOUSAND
TO ONE!

WARREN
GRABS THE
SINGLE DEFENDER
FROM A BULLET'S
PATH.

THE
HORSEMEN
GALLOP AWAY..



AND THE RESCUED MAN
SMOTHERS THE TRIO
WITH GRATITUDE. . .

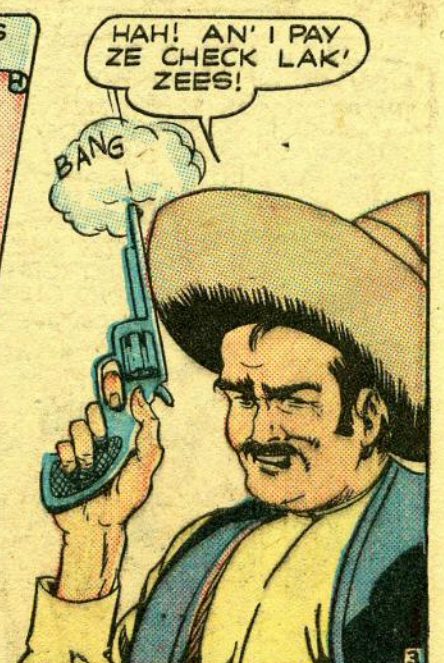
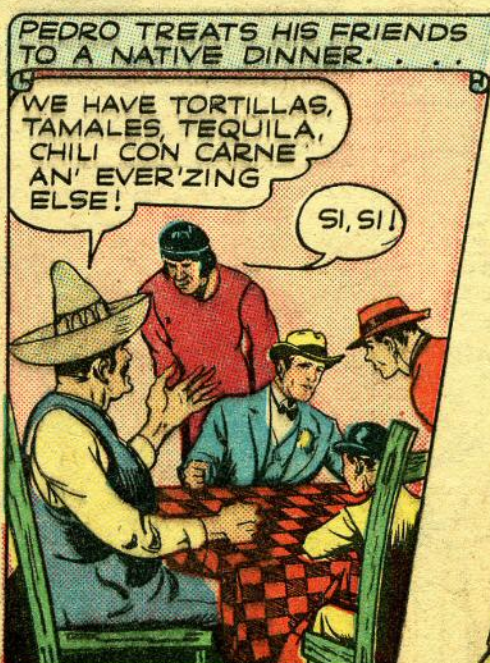
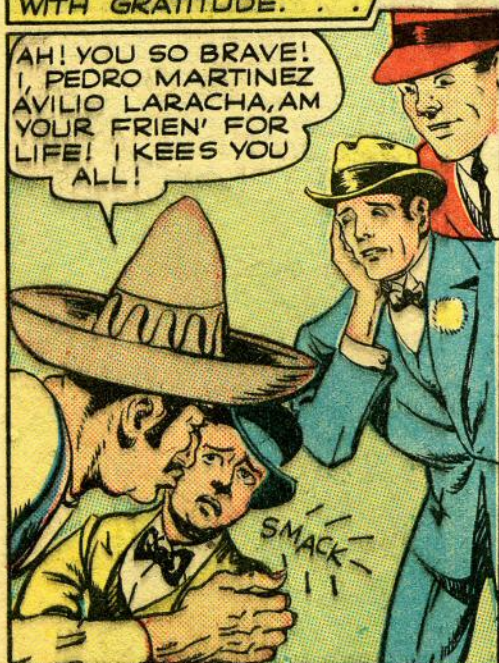
AH! YOU SO BRAVE!
I, PEDRO MARTINEZ
AVILIO LARACHA, AM
YOUR FRIEN' FOR
LIFE! I KEEPS YOU
ALL!

PEDRO TREATS HIS FRIENDS
TO A NATIVE DINNER. . . .

WE HAVE TORTILLAS,
TAMALES, TEQUILA,
CHILI CON CARNE
AN' EVER'ZING
ELSE!

SI, SI!

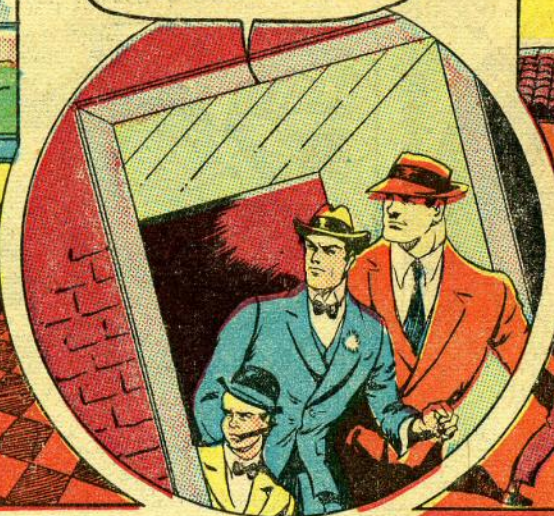
HAH! AN' I PAY
ZE CHECK LAK'
ZEES!



PEDRO FILLS UP RAPIDLY AND SETTLES DOWN TO A SNORING SIESTA.



WHEW! I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET AWAY! COME ON BEFORE HIS SNORING WAKES HIM UP! WE'VE STILL IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO DO!



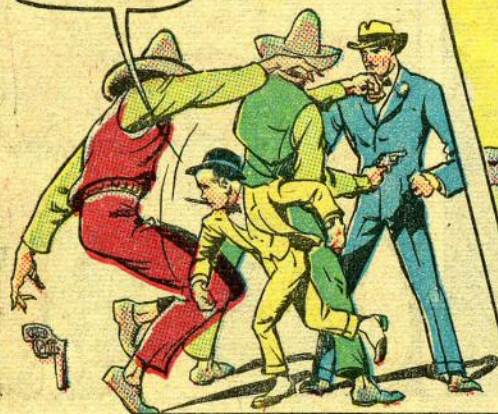
BUT WHEN THEY STEP OUTSIDE THE VILLA.



UP WITH ZE HANDS, YANQUI DOGS?

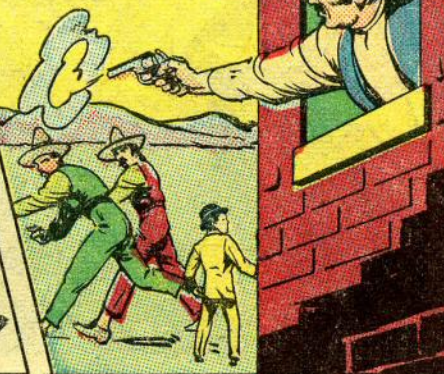
THE PURPLE TRIO IS NOT TO BE DOWNED THAT EASILY.

NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT? NO, SIR!



PEDRO WAKES UP..

HA! MY FRIENDS? ZEY IN TROBLE I HELP QUEEK!



THANKS, PEDRO.. WE DIDN'T WANT TO WAKE YOU UP WHEN WE LEFT.. YOU WAIT HERE A MINUTE..

SI!



AGAIN THE TRIO DUCKS INTO A MAZE OF MEXICAN STREETS.

I HOPE PEDRO DOESN'T GET TIRED WAITING?

ME TOO..WELL THIS WAY TO YOCTA... XOCTO..WHEW! THESE MEXICAN NAMES!



IN XOCTACATAPETL, THEY TURN THE CORNER TO THE SILVER MINE WHERE THEY WERE DIRECTED.

PEDRO!



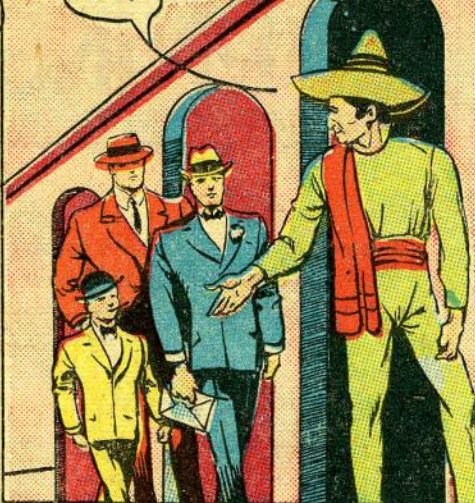
WHAT FOR YOU LEAVE ME, HAH? I AM YOUR FRIEND, HAH? SO I FOLLOW TO SAVE YOU! GO AWAY, PRONTO!



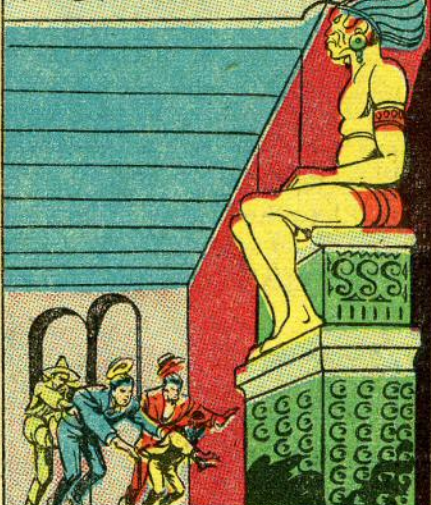
BUT THE TRIO INSISTS ON FINISHING ITS BUSINESS..THEY CONTINUE TO THE DILAPIDATED MINE HOUSE.



WELCOME, SENORES? YOU COME ON BUSINESS? I TAKE YOU IN!



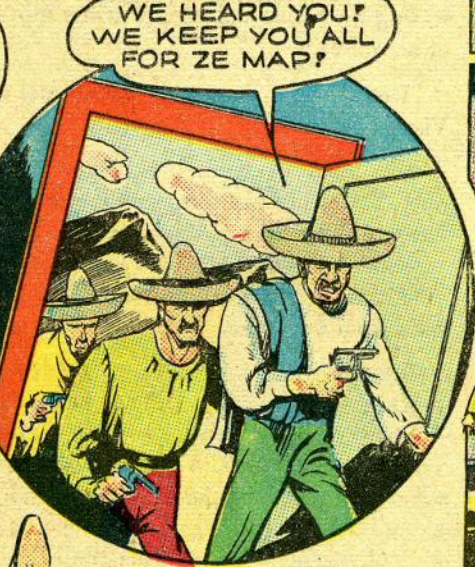
THE TRIO FOLLOWS HIM TRUSTINGLY..BUT SUDDENLY A HEALTHY SHOVE SENDS THEM FLYING INTO A VAST ROOM.



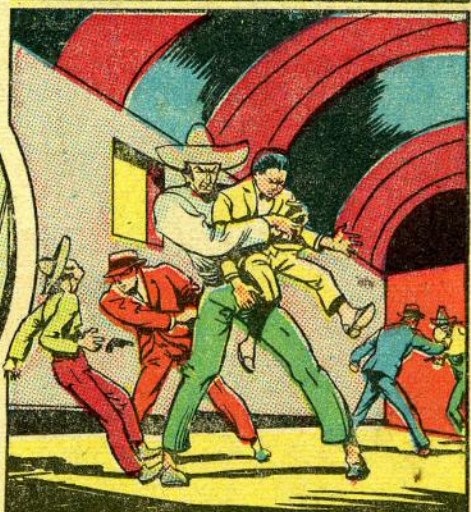
IN A CORNER SITS AN OLD MAN.. HELD CAPTIVE.



THE DOOR OPENS.



THE ROOM TREMBLES FROM THE FURIOUS BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THE PRECIOUS DOCUMENT.



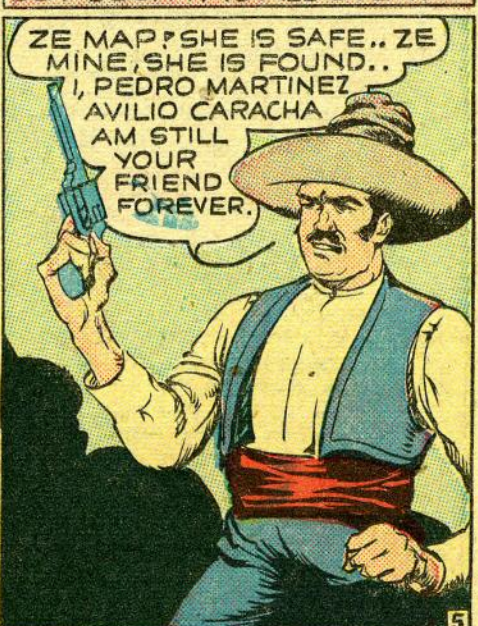
AND THE PURPLE TRIO IS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL WHEN..

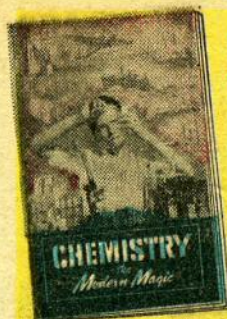


A WILD SHOT CRACKS THE AZTEC IDOL IN THE ROOM..IT FALLS ON THE DOUGHTY MEXICAN.



BUT SOON IT IS ALL OVER.





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The FIERY WARNING

BY ROBERT HYATT



Insurrection! Revolution!

Two words written in flame and blood. Two deadly words whispered only in silent secret places; then their evil dies aborning. But shouted from the rooftops, they unleash a devil incarnate, or a thousand devils, as the case may be.

That is exactly what had happened in the little square of Puebla Ixtlan. The man shouting them was a squat, ragged fellow with a great straw sombrero pushed back on his round head. He was waving his hands and yelling at the top of his voice:

"Down with Tomas el Presidente!
Vive la revolucion!"

And then everything happened at once. The police rushed to stop the revolutionist. He fired a pistol at close range, blowing one of the policeman's heads off. Another cop mowed him down with a blast from a shotgun.

But the trouble had begun. Leaders quickly get followers "down below." From a dozen doorways poured a motley pack, all armed with firearms, knives, sabers. In a yelling body, they dashed toward the president's palace on the west side of the square. And from the main gate of the palace marched a compact company of soldiers. They opened fire, and the revolutionistas toppled like nine pins. But it didn't halt them; others took the dead ones' places.

Outnumbered, the military about-faced and slammed the gate in the attackers' faces.

President Tomas sat behind a desk so huge it dwarfed him. Dapper, nattily uniformed, he drummed his fingers on the glass top and looked at Jimmy Christian. He shook his head sadly.

"We are too late," he intoned. "It has come!"

Jimmy snorted. "You mean we're going to sit here and be potted like a lot of rabbits?"

"What else, Senor Christian? They are thousands; we are hundreds. We shall

all die!" Tomas fingered a string of amber beads hanging from his neck.

"Nuts!" grated Jimmy in good old Yankee. "I'm not going to let a lot of pig-headed hill-billies slit my gullet!"

President Tomas looked around his neat office in the manner of a man seeing for the last time some loved thing.

"We have five hundred men in the garrison," he said. "What can we do?"

Jimmy knew what had started the revolution: the people of Puebla Ixtlan wanted the foreign oil people expelled from the country. They had ruined their lands, forgot to pay them wages for their hard work.

Of course, Tomas received a nice cut from the oil group. They had promised protection. Instead, they had stolen away in the night, when the crisis came, leaving Tomas holding the sack.

The poor peons wanted revenge. They blamed their president, a natural thing in many lands. Tomas was the cause of their losing "plenty dinero" so they wanted his head!

"I am helpless," wailed Tomas.

"Get a grip on yourself, Mr. President!" Jimmy snapped. "We'll squeeze out of this yet!"

Jimmy didn't know just how it was going to be done, however. The howling mob outside the gates wanted blood, and they'd stop at nothing to get it. "So I'd be the guy to get caught down here just when this mess comes off!" he told himself. He had gone to Puebla Ixtlan for a layout of pictures which he had promised to a syndicate.

There was nothing else to do, so he took a tour of the palace. The thing had been built three hundred years and it was a masterpiece of poor construction. Tomas was something of a modern, and he'd installed electric lights, radio and sound motion pictures. He was an amateur chemist, too, as Jimmy discovered.

The little laboratory where Tomas whiled away his spare time was rather

completely equipped with modern devices. And it was in there where Jimmy got his Big Idea.

He rushed to Tomas' apartment and burst in unceremoniously.

"Say!" he exploded. "I believe I see a way out of this jam! Can these zanies read anything?"

Very few of them, Tomas explained. Why?

Jimmy waved him down. "We'll try it first. If it works, we're out of the soup; if it doesn't—phooey! I guess we'll go down with the walls which they are now battering with rams."

With the help of a guard, Jimmy tore down a long velvet drape and carried it to the top of the ten-foot-high wall. Fastening it, he let it fall down over the wall at a point where no revolutionists were at work. Then, with a bucket and a large brush, he sneaked out through a narrow gate and crept under the drape.

When he had finished his job, he returned through the gate and crawled up on the wall. Cupping his hands, he shouted in Spanish:

"Men of Puebla Ixtlan, behold! In the Bible it says thou shalt not take human life. There also it says that handwriting appeared on the walls of Jerusalem to

warn evildoers. Behold again that handwriting!"

He jerked the drape upward. The shouts of the mob died out. Cries of fear and terror broke from their throats. They threw down their guns and ran, screaming. Enough of them could read to convey the message to their illiterate companions. As quickly as it had started, the revolution stopped.

Jimmy chuckled as he watched the fiery letters painted on the wall. They glowed and fumed and smoked in a weird manner, like some witch's brew in a dark grotto. The message had done the work. It read:

"Thou shalt not kill!"

President Tomas wrung Jimmy's hand and tears of joy brightened his eyes. "Marvelous! But how did you do it, Senor Christian?"

"Simple," Jimmy replied. "I found your laboratory and mixed up a batch of phosphorous paint . . . You see, President Tomas, often it is the little things that overcome the big ones!"

ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN YARN
in the January issue of
SMASH COMICS
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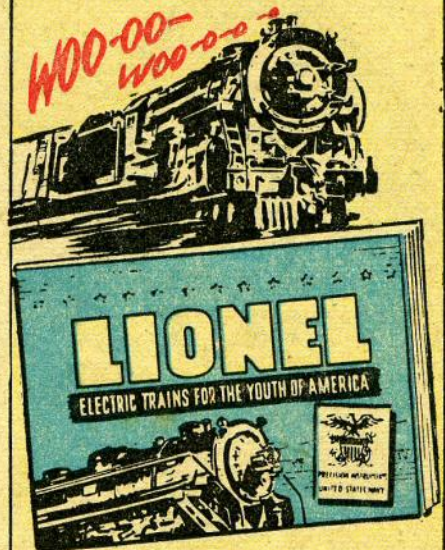
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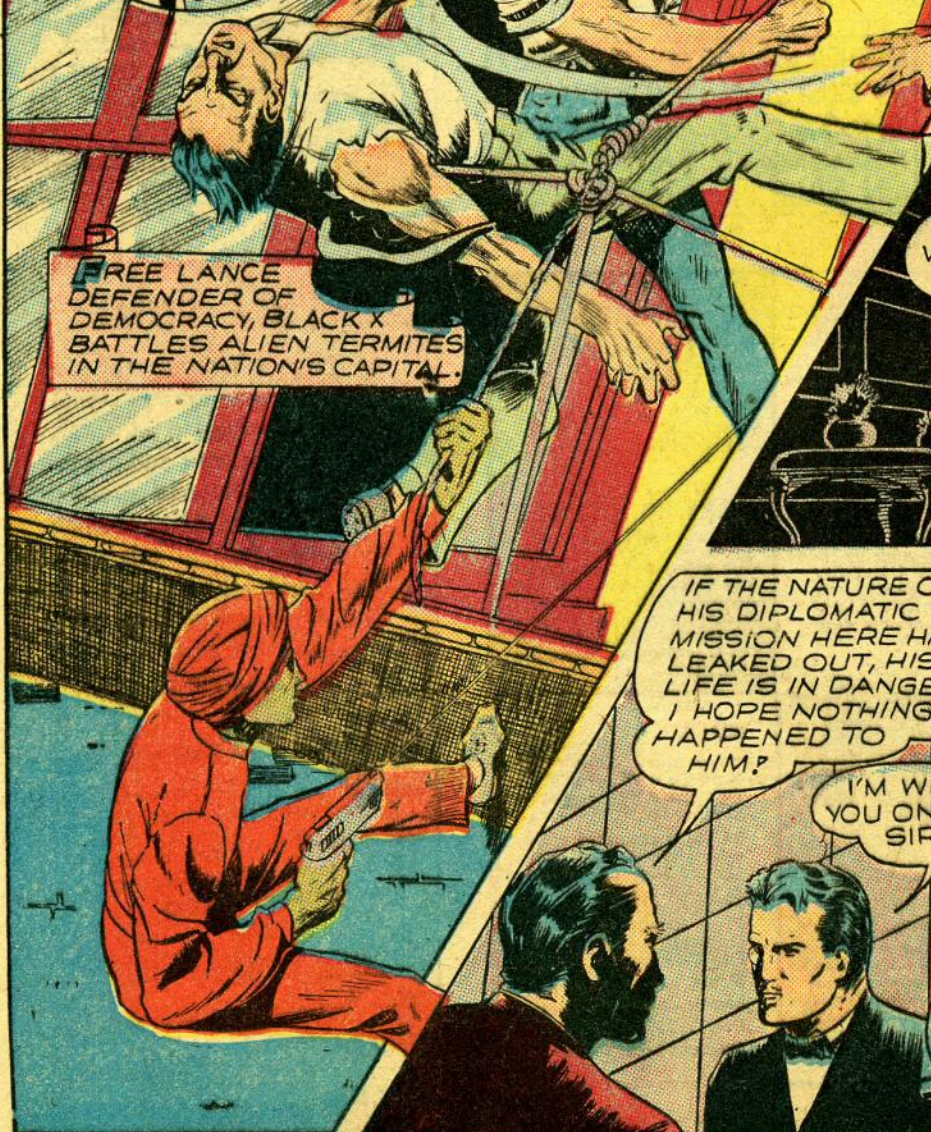
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ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



BY
WILL
ERWIN



FREE LANCE
DEFENDER OF
DEMOCRACY, BLACK X
BATTLES ALIEN TERMITES
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

COLONEL ATWATER AND
BLACK X WAIT AT A
WASHINGTON HOTEL FOR
LORD OTTERLAKE, IN
WHOSE HONOR A BAN-
QUET IS TO BE GIVEN.

I WONDER
WHAT'S KEEPING
HIS LORDSHIP,
COLONEL?

HE'S
LATE!

IF THE NATURE OF
HIS DIPLOMATIC
MISSION HERE HAS
LEAKED OUT, HIS
LIFE IS IN DANGER!
I HOPE NOTHING'S
HAPPENED TO
HIM?

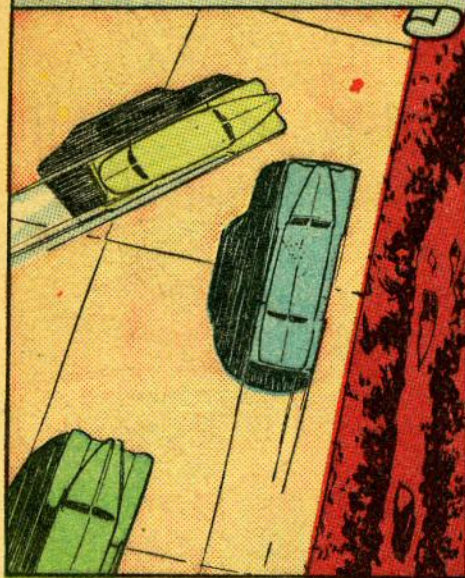
I'M WITH
YOU ON THAT,
SIR!

MEANWHILE BLACK X'S
TRUSTED ASSISTANT
BATU TRAILS LORD
OTTERLAKE'S SEDAN.

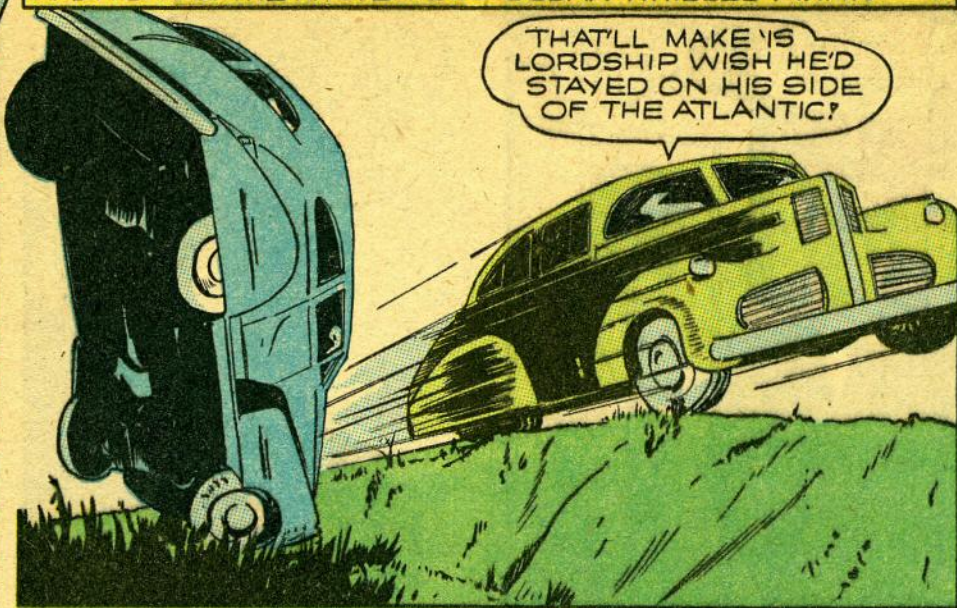
IT IS BEST THAT I
KEEP A WATCHFUL
EYE ON THE ILLUS-
TRIOUS DIPLOMAT...
MANY MEN
WOULD
DELIGHT IN
HIS SUDDEN
DEATH?



SUDDENLY A CAR STREAKS OUT OF A SIDE ROAD, DIRECTLY INTO OTTERLAKE'S PATH.



THE DIPLOMAT'S AUTO CAREENS DIZZILY AND PLUNGES INTO A DITCH AS THE MYSTERIOUS SEDAN WHIZZES AWAY.



THAT'LL MAKE 'IS LORDSHIP WISH HE'D STAYED ON HIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC?

BATU JAMS ON THE BRAKES AND LEAPS OUT TO THE WRECKED CAR.



EVEN AS I THOUGHT? THAT WAS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION?

BUT OTTERLAKE CRAWLS OUT GROGGILY.



UH...WHAT'S THIS? AN AMBULANCE ALREADY? I SAY?

CAREFUL, YOUR LORDSHIP?

BEFORE BATU CAN ASK QUESTIONS AN AMBULANCE MAN RUSHES UP.



VERY QUICK SERVICE.. STRANGE?

THIS WAY, SIR?

BUT I'M NOT HURT BADLY?

IGNORING BATU'S PROTESTS, THE AMBULANCE DRIVER SPEEDS OFF.



THIS LOOKS VERY SUSPICIOUS BUT I'LL SEEK MY MASTER'S OPINION FIRST?

RACING THROUGH TRAFFIC, BATU REPORTS TO BLACK X.



HOLY SMOKE? THAT WAS A CLEVER PLOT? BATU, DID YOU GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THE AMBULANCE?

YES, MASTER. QUICK? WE SHALL CHECK ON IT AND GO TO THE HOSPITAL?

SWIFT INVESTIGATION OF THE LICENSE NUMBER LEADS THEM TO A PRIVATE HOSPITAL.



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, BATU?

KEEP YOUR GUN READY, MASTER.. WE'LL FIND TROUBLE HERE!

BLACK X'S KNOCK IS ANSWERED BY A LEERING NEGRO.



I CAME TO VISIT A PATIENT.

YES, SUH, STEP IN?

IN A FLASH THE ATTENDANT DRAWS HIS GUN.



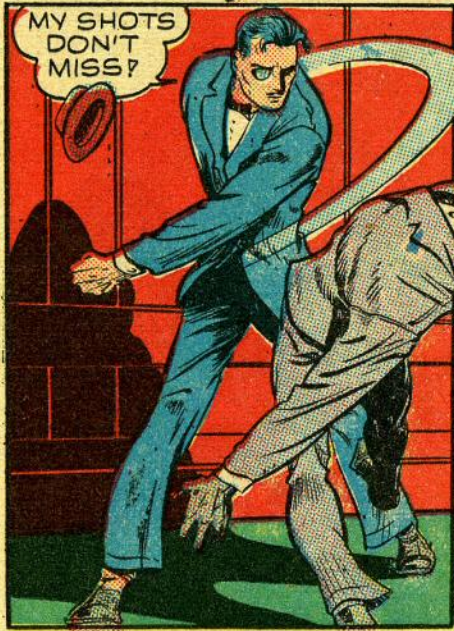
GIT YO' HANDS UP, QUICK, YUH TWO... OR AH'LL PULL THIS HEAH TRIGGER!

BUT BATU PROJECTS AN IMAGE OF HIMSELF TOWARD THE NEGRO.



YO' ASKED FO' IT.. SO YUH GITS IT?

FAST THINKING, BATU.. NOW I'LL TAKE A SWING AT HIM?



MY SHOTS DON'T MISS?



ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, A GROUP OF EVIL FIGURES RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS.

WHO IS THAT BIG FELLOW?

BLACK X.. WE MUST KILL HIM!

AS SHOTS SMASH INTO THE WALL, BATU LEADS BLACK X TO SAFETY.



THROUGH THIS DOOR, MASTER.

WE'LL GET 'EM FROM BEHIND

BEYOND THE DOOR, BLACK X HALTS SUDDENLY.



STAND GUARD HERE, BATU.. I'M GOING UP THESE BACK STAIRS?

BUT THE ESPIONAGE AGENT MEETS UNEXPECTED RESISTANCE.



A NURSE.. WH-WHAT TH' MADAME DOOM!

DON'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP, BLACK X?

FOR AN INSTANT, BLACK X STARES IN AMAZEMENT AT THE WOMAN WHO CONSTANTLY INTERFERES WITH HIS WORK.



HOW DID YOU GET IN ON THIS, YOUNG LADY?

I'M NOT TELLING YOU UNTIL THERE'S NO CHANCE THAT YOU'LL ESCAPE?

CATCHING HER OFF GUARD FOR AN INSTANT, BLACK X SNATCHES HER WEAPON.

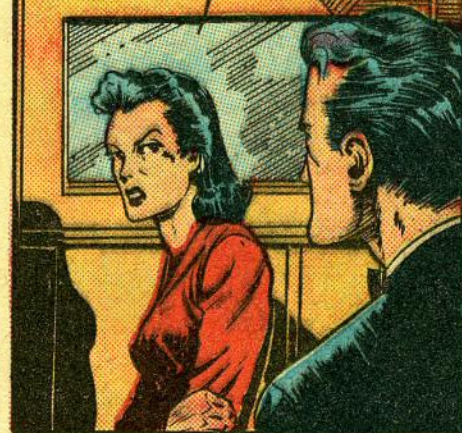
I KNOW IT'S IMPOLITE TO GRAB, MADAME, BUT...



NOW YOU'LL FEEL MORE INCLINED TO LEAD ME TO WHERE YOU'RE HIDING LORD OTTERLAKE?



YOU WIN, BLACK X. FOLLOW ME?



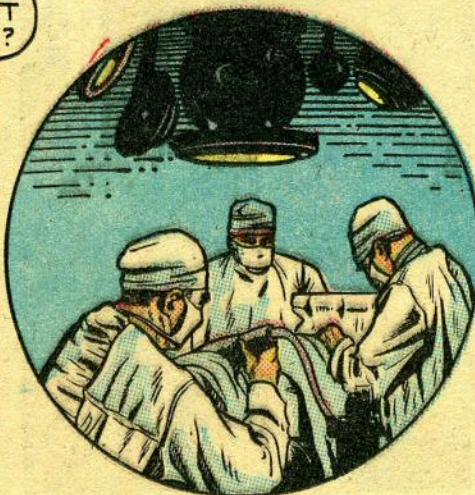
THE BEAUTIFUL SPY LEADS HIM UP THE STAIRS AND DOWN A CORRIDOR REEKING FROM ETHER.

THROUGH A WINDOW, BLACK X WATCHES THE MASKED FIGURES AROUND AN OPERATING TABLE.

SHOVING MADAME DOOM ASIDE, THE ESPIONAGE AGENT CRASHES INTO THE ROOM.

LOOK IN THERE! THE SURGEONS ARE LIFTING OTTERLAKE'S FACE?

WHAT KIND OF STUNT IS THIS?



GUSTAV? STOP THAT MAN?

YEAH, I'LL GIVE HIM A "THROAT OPERATION!"



BLACK X WHIRLS QUICKLY AS A SURGEON HURLS HIS DEADLY SCALPEL.

THIS CAN OF ETHER WILL KEEP 'EM QUIET?



WITHOUT STOPPING, HE LEAPS BACK TO THE DOOR AT THE INSTANT THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

WHEW? THOSE ETHER FUMES ARE TERRIFIC?



IN THE HALL, BATU FIGHTS A REAR GUARD ACTION.



THE BOUNDERS? AFRAID TO LET ME GET A GOOD SHOT AT THEM?

BATU IS HEADING FOR A HEADACHE?

BEFORE MADAME DOOM CAN STRIKE, BLACK X APPEARS.



HIT MY MAN FROM BEHIND, WOULD YOU?

OF ALL THE BAD LUCK?



AH, THANK YOU, MASTER. WE SHOULD TEACH THAT WOMAN A LESSON?

NOT NOW, BATU. PROJECT YOUR IMAGE IN THERE AND PICK UP OTTERLAKE?

AGAIN BATU PERFORMS THE MYSTIC ACT. AND HIS DOUBLE MOVES QUICKLY TOWARD THE DOOR.



HURRY BEFORE WE'RE OVERCOME BY THE ETHER?

IT SHALL BE DONE, MASTER?

BUT WHEN BATU'S IMAGE RE-APPEARS, BLACK X AND MADAME DOOM HAVE PASSED OUT.



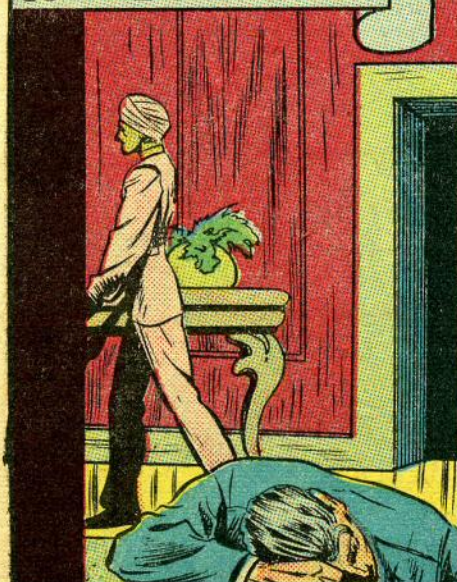
I MUST EXERT EVERY OUNCE OF MY WILL POWER?

AS BATU'S CONSCIOUSNESS EBBS, HE TRANSMITS RADIO THOUGHT WAVES TO HIS IMAGE.



DROP THE PATIENT... RETURN..TO..OPERATING ROOM.. AND.. OPEN THE WINDOW?

LIKE AN AUTOMATON, HIS IMAGE TURNS TO CARRY OUT THE ORDER.



IN THE NICK OF TIME, BLACK X RISES GROGGILY AND FIRES AT APPROACHING FIGURES.



GET BACK DOWN THOSE STAIRS OR I'LL EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOU?

THEN BLACK X RAISES LORD OTTERLAKE AND CARRIES HIM TO THE OPEN WINDOW.



GOOD! YOU'RE COMING OUT OF THE ETHER..THIS STAGING OUT HERE IS OUR BEST WAY OF ESCAPE.



HURRY UP, BATU? THE COAST IS CLEAR?



AGILELY, BATU CARRIES THE DIPLOMAT TO SAFETY.

RUN FOR THE CAR. I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED?

MASTER! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU?

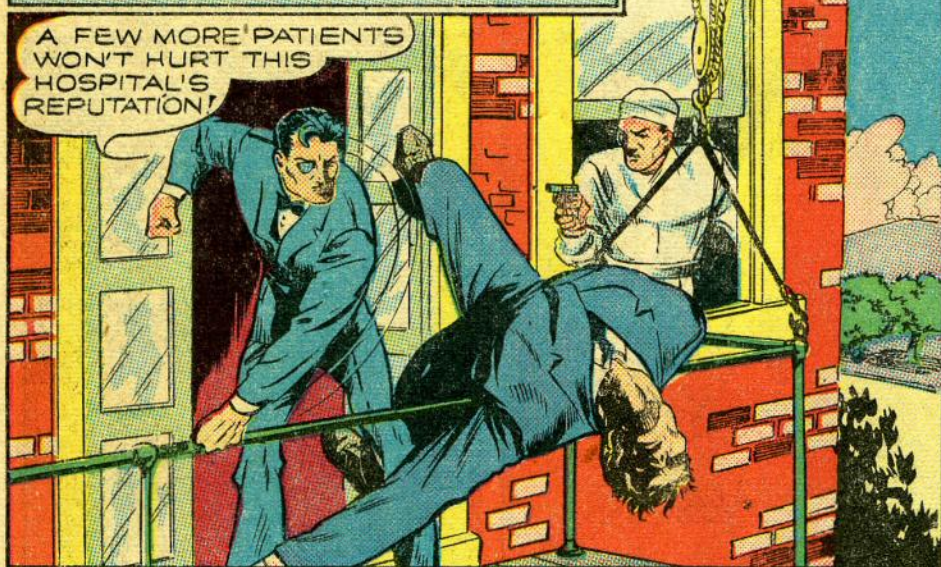


WHIRLING ABOUT, BLACK X HURLS HIS GUN AT THE MURDEROUS ASSAILANT.

HERE'S MY LAST SHOT, SCOUNDREL.. AH, AND IT HIT THE "BULL'S EYE".

OW?

BUT ANOTHER KILLER CRAWLS OUT THE WINDOW TO MEET BLACK X'S WHIRLWIND FISTS.



A FEW MORE PATIENTS WON'T HURT THIS HOSPITAL'S REPUTATION!



AND MY EXPERT "TREATMENT" WILL MAKE YOUR ESCAPE FROM THE COPS QUITE DIFFICULT?

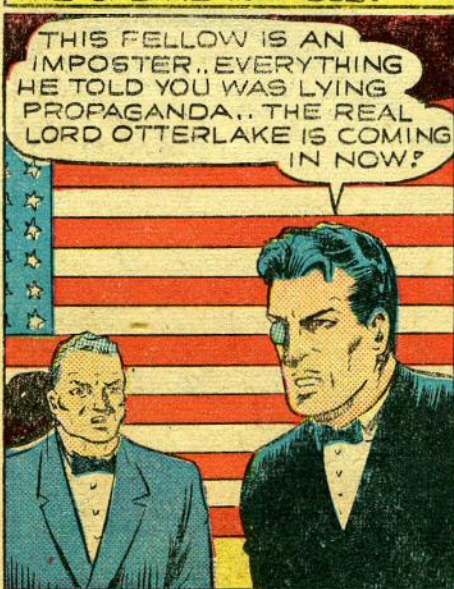
THAT'S ENOUGH? COME QUICKLY, MASTER.

JOINING BATU AND OTTERLAKE, BLACK X SPEEDS BACK TO THE HOTEL AND RUSHES INTO THE BANQUET HALL.



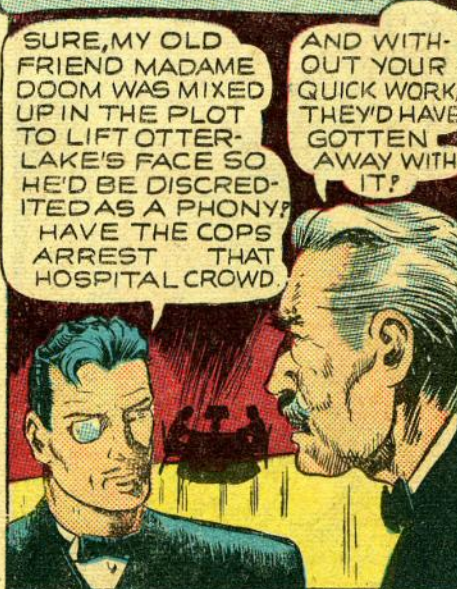
SO THAT WAS THEIR SCHEME!? A DOUBLE FOR OTTERLAKE?

BEFORE THE ASTONISHED GUESTS, BLACK X LEAPS TO THE SPEAKER'S TABLE.



THIS FELLOW IS AN IMPOSTER.. EVERYTHING HE TOLD YOU WAS LYING PROPAGANDA.. THE REAL LORD OTTERLAKE IS COMING IN NOW?

LATER THAT EVENING, BLACK X JOINS COLONEL ATWATER AT THEIR FAVORITE CAFE.



SURE, MY OLD FRIEND MADAME DOOM WAS MIXED UP IN THE PLOT TO LIFT OTTERLAKE'S FACE SO HE'D BE DISCREDITED AS A PHONY? HAVE THE COPS ARREST THAT HOSPITAL CROWD.

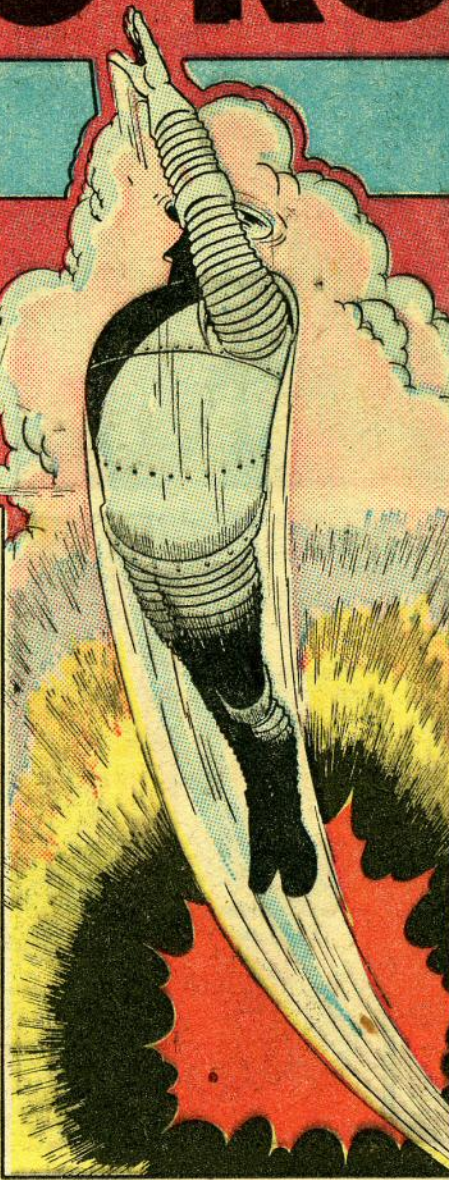
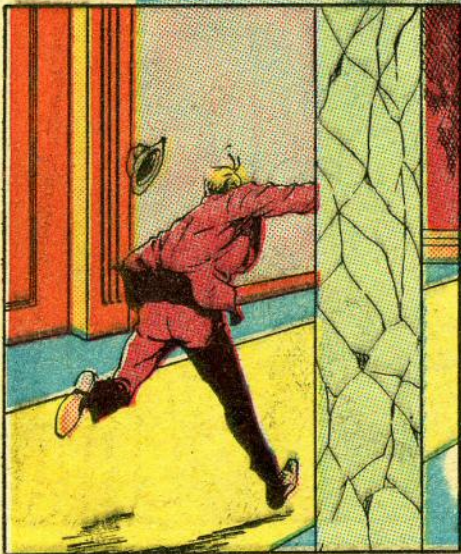
AND WITHOUT YOUR QUICK WORK, THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT?

BOZO THE ROBOT

THE IRON MAN—
INDESTRUCTABLE,
UNREAL—YET IT IS
ALIVE WHEN CONTROLLED
BY HUGH HAZZARD
IN HIS WAR AGAINST
ALL THAT IS EVIL---

by
**WAYNE
REID.**

A NEWS REPORTER RACES
THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE
SENATE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON--



HE IS STOPPED BY ANOTHER
REPORTER--



WHAT'S TH'
RUSH, "CUB"?

DIDN'T YA
HEAR?



SENATOR JAMES JUST
PROPOSED A BILL
CALLING FOR
IMMEDIATE DEATH
FOR ALL SPIES
FOUND GUILTY
IN THIS COUNTRY--

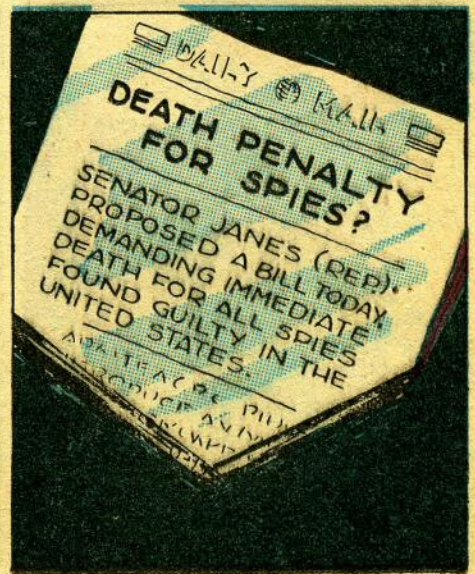
NO!



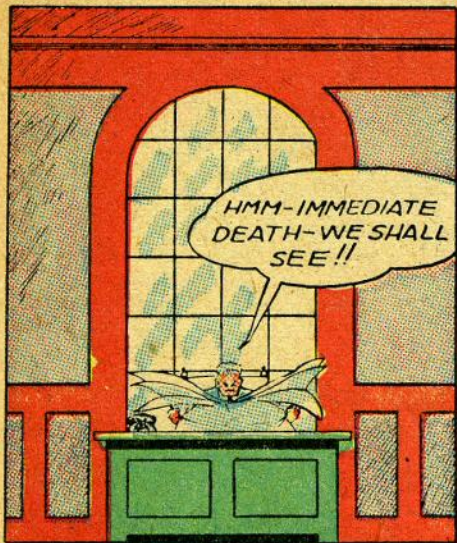
WOW!

AND DOUBLE
WOW! NOW LET
ME GET TO A
PHONE!!

THAT NIGHT AN EXTRA
HITS THE STREETS---



THE NEWS IS READ BY EMIL KURT, LEADER OF A SPY-RING IN THIS COUNTRY----



FRITZ-ERIC-
COME HERE!!



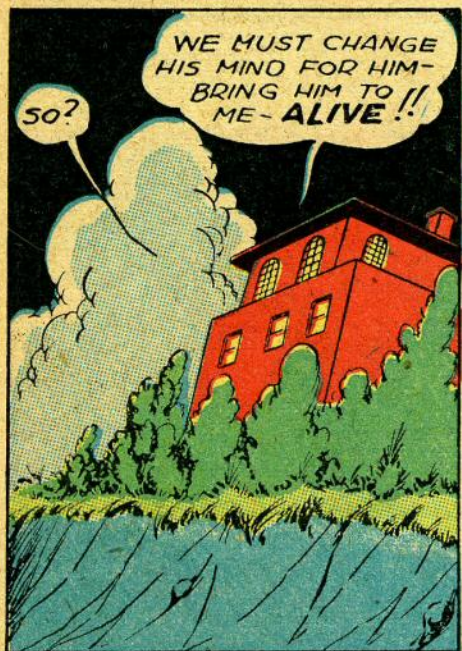
YES?

A NOSEY
SENATOR IS TRYING
TO PUT THROUGH A
BILL THAT WILL
GREATLY HAMPER
OUR ACTIVITIES -



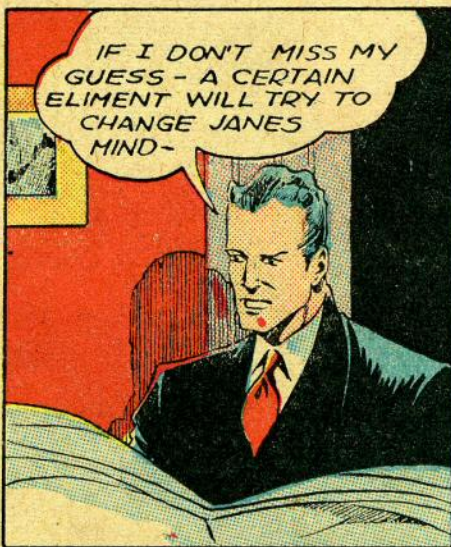
WE MUST CHANGE
HIS MIND FOR HIM-
BRING HIM TO ME-
ALIVE!!

SO?



THE NEWS IS ALSO READ
BY HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER
OF THE GREAT IRON MAN-

IF I DON'T MISS MY
GUESS - A CERTAIN
ELEMENT WILL TRY TO
CHANGE JAMES
MIND-



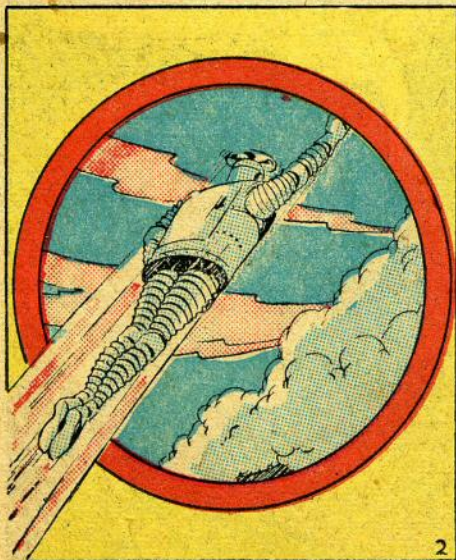
JAMES WILL NEED
PROTECTION - SO
WE'LL START
RIGHT NOW!



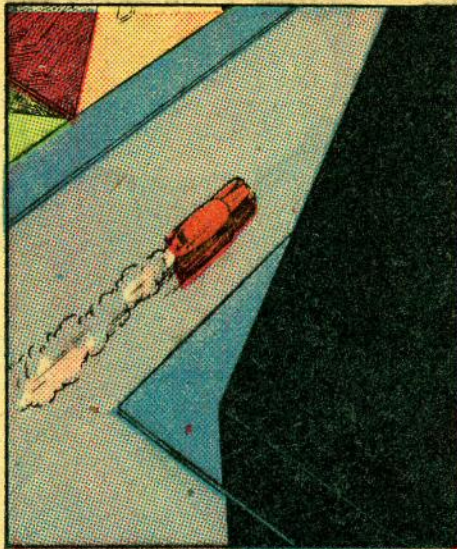
AND HUGH, GETTING INSIDE
THE ROBOT, HEADS FOR THE
SENATE BUILDING----

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE
FIGHTING SENATOR IS
BEING TRAILED----

THE VICTIM IS EASILY
SUBDUED FROM BEHIND....



THE SENATOR IS THROWN INTO
A CAR AND SPED TO THE DEN
OF THE 5TH COLUMNISTS---



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER
HE FACES EMIL KURT!

SENATOR JONES,
I WANT YOU TO
WITHDRAW YOUR
PROPOSED BILL!

SO THAT'S
WHY I'M
HERE--



WELL, MY ANSWER
IS NO-- AND I HOPE YOU
AND YOUR NEST OF
RATS ARE ITS
FIRST VICTIMS--



GO TO WORK
ON HIM--HELP
THE FOOL CHANGE
HIS MIND--



STOP A
MINUTE,
MEN--



ARE YOU
READY TO
CHANGE YOUR
MIND
YET?

DO WHAT
YOU WILL--
MY ANSWER
IS STILL
NO !!



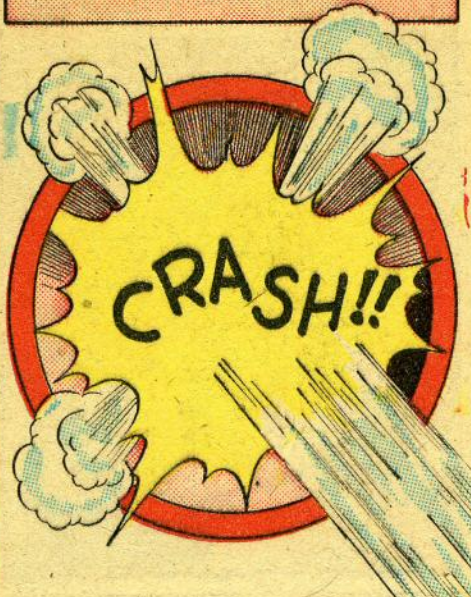
THEN DON'T STOP
UNTIL HE SAYS
YES !!



SUDDENLY THE IRON MAN
DIVES OUT OF THE SKY--



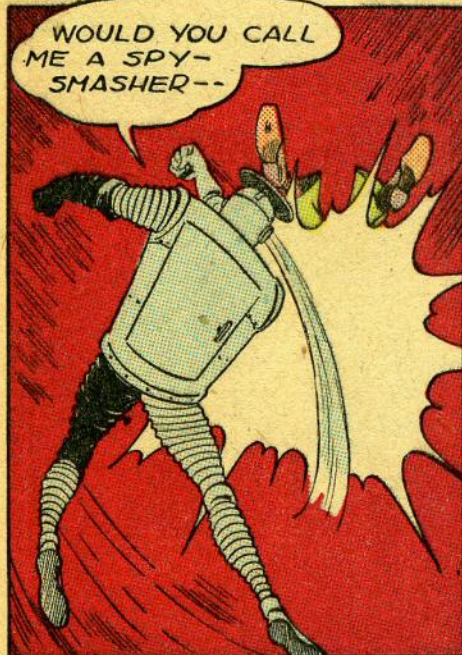
AND CRASHES THROUGH THE
WALLS OF THE HIDE-OUT-----



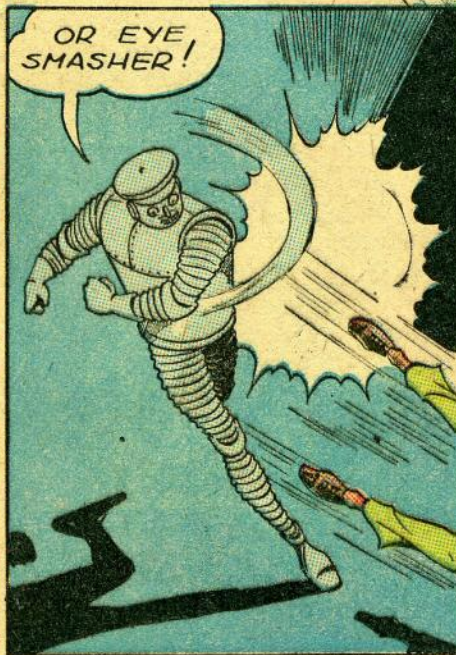
I MAY NOT BE THE
JANES BILL BUT I'
DEATH TO YOUR
KIND!



WOULD YOU CALL
ME A SPY-
SMASHER--



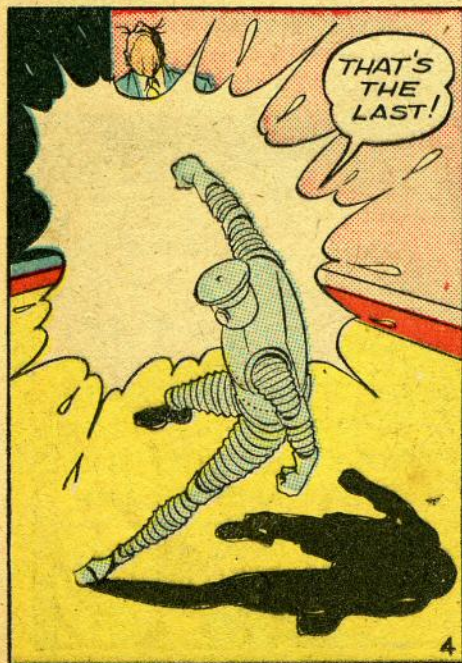
OR EYE
SMASHER!



UNNOTICED, KURT ESCAPES--

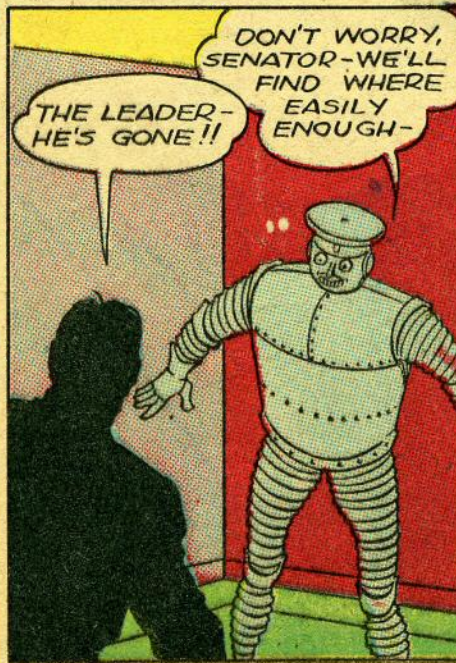


THAT'S
THE
LAST!



THE LEADER-
HE'S GONE!!

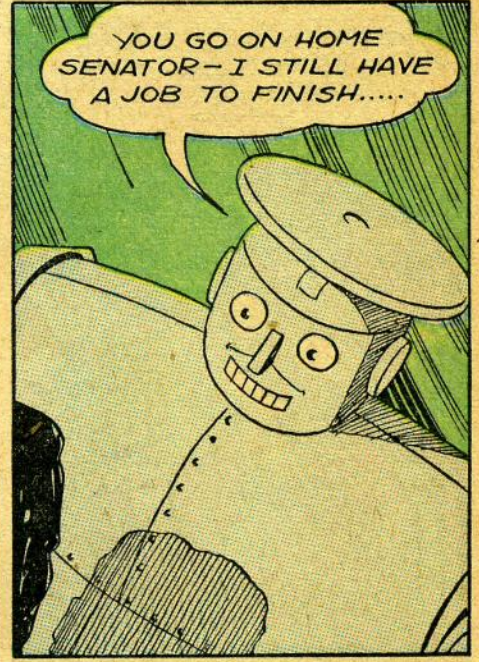
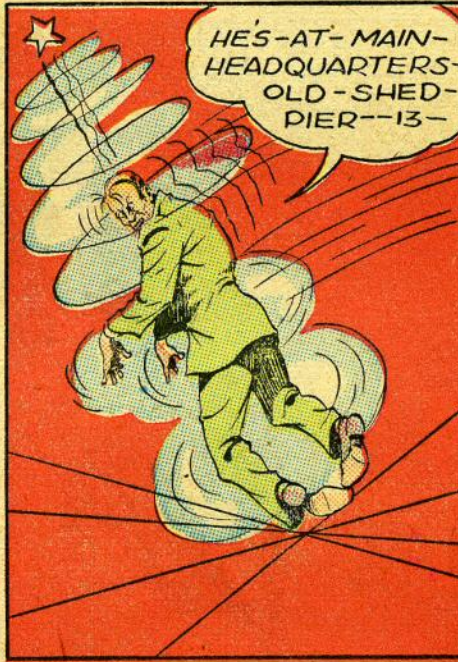
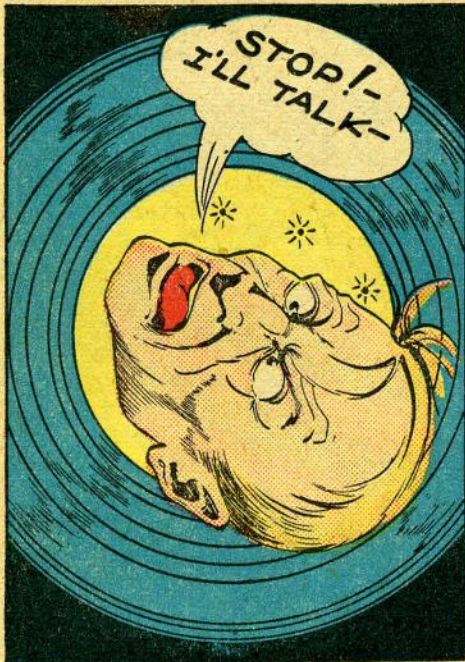
DON'T WORRY,
SENATOR-WE'LL
FIND WHERE
EASILY ENOUGH--



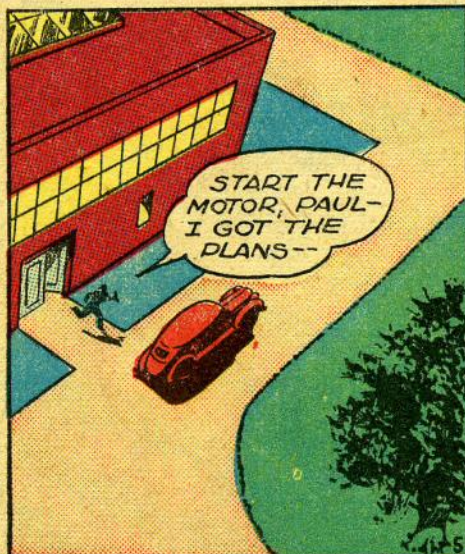
TALK, RAT-WHERES
THE BIG-SHOT
HEADED
FOR?

I'M NOT
TALKING !!

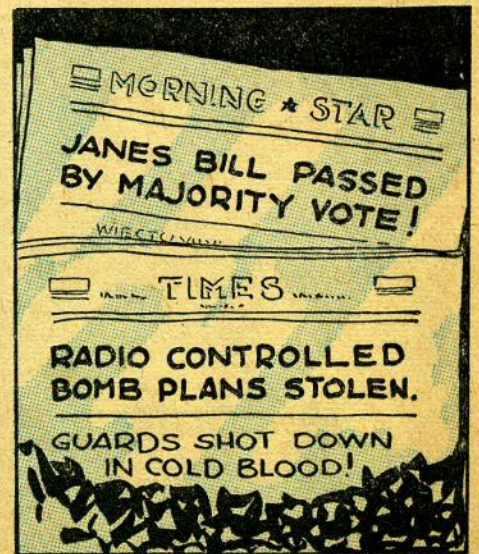




MEANWHILE AT A GOVERNMENT BOMB TESTING FIELD---

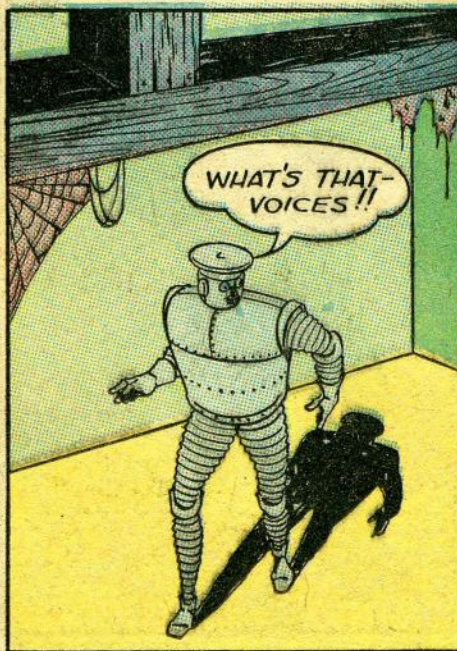
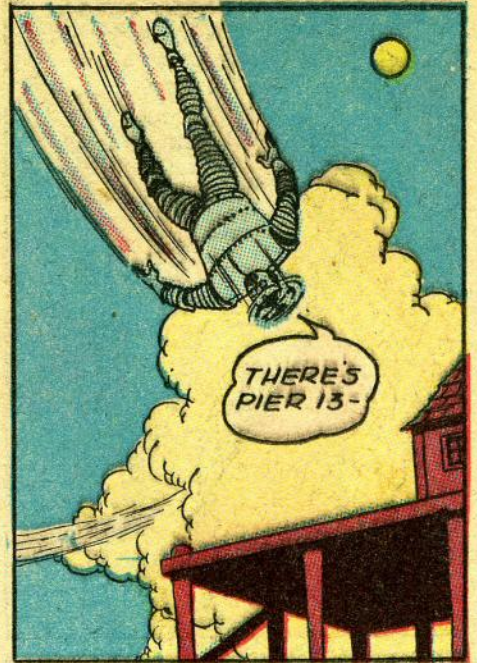


THE NEXT DAY-NEWS SPACE IS SHARED BY TWO SCREAMING HEADLINES---



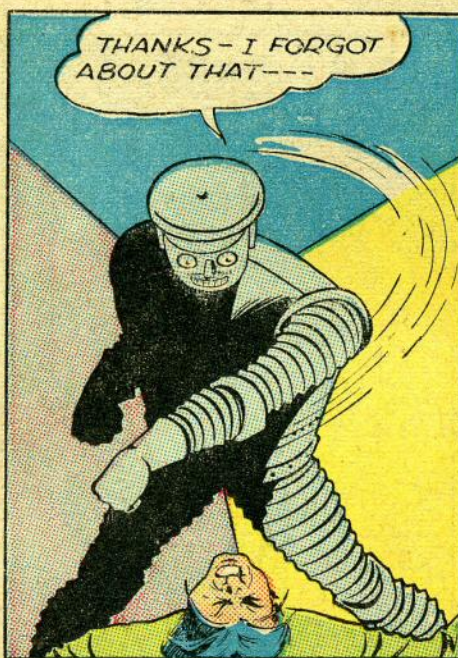
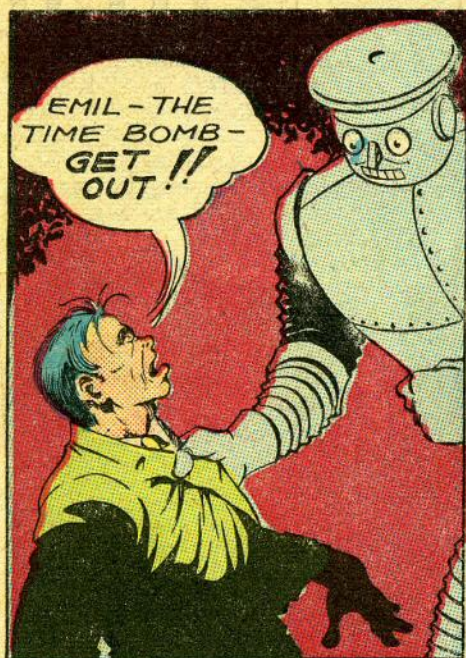
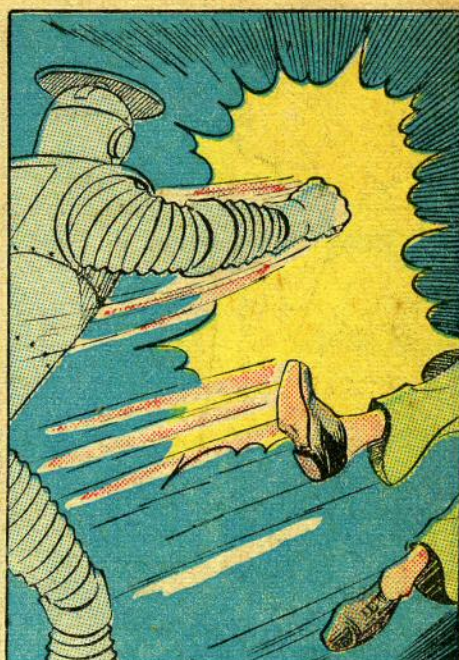
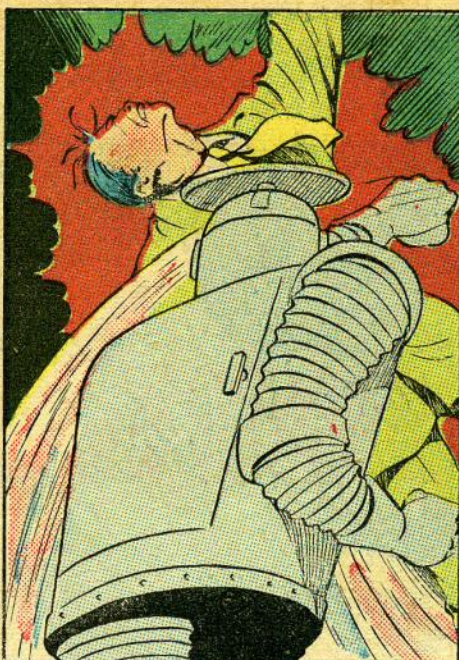
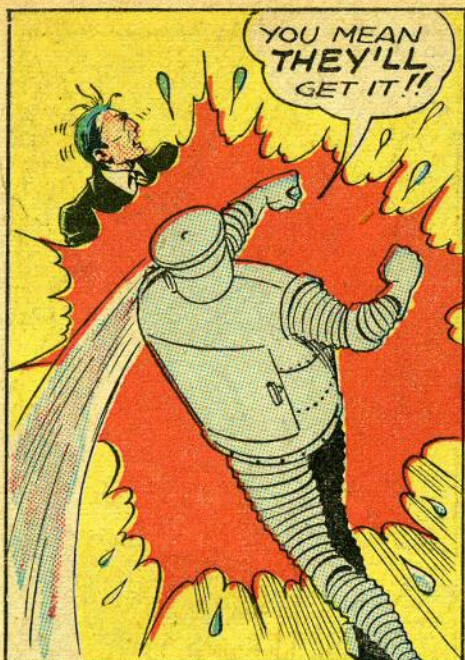


AND ONCE MORE, THE MIGHTY IRON MAN TAKES TO THE AIR---



THE KEEN MECHANISM OF THE ROBOT PICKS UP THE WHISPERED CONVERSATION-





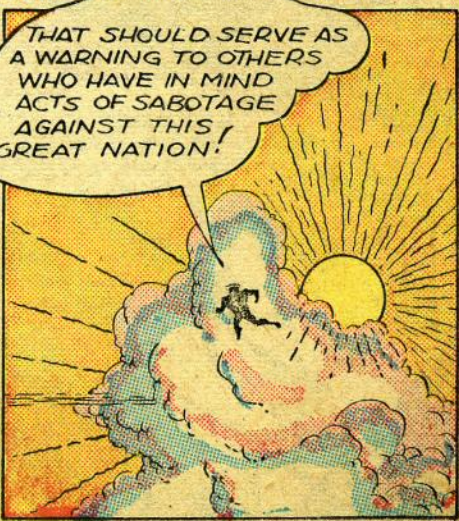
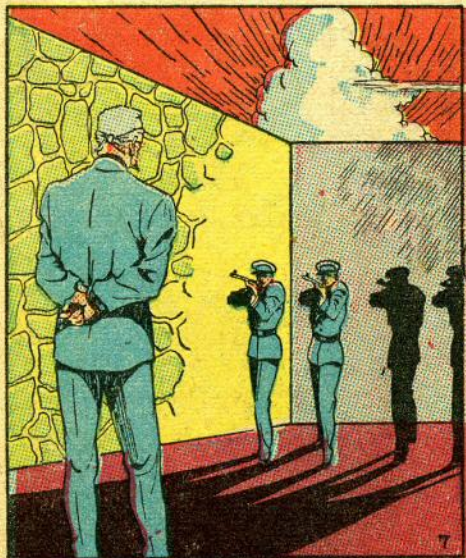
AND AS THE DEAFENING ROAR DIES AWAY, BOZO IS HIGH IN THE HEAVENS WITH THE SPY LEADER SAFELY UNDER HIS ARM---



AT SUNDOWN, KURT STANDS CONVICTED-THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE JAMES LAW---

FOUR GUNS SOUND AS ONE - AND FIND THEIR MARK AS ONE---

AND FROM A DISTANCE THE IRON MAN WITNESSES THE EXECUTION---



READY for CHRISTMAS

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name an' face branded on th' stock!"
—RED RYDER

RED RYDER

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1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

16-inch LEATHER SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this... or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring — at no extra cost. Podner!"

WESTERN CARBINE RING!

"Th' real article, boys! For ridin' th' range, I slip a stout 3-foot cord thru th' Ring and tie th' other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outa my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a ba ar!"

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"It's a Humdinger. Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work...large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLD-EN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

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"Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty... kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

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"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold... th' wood just 'snugs' into your hand and holds th' Carbine steady as a rock!"

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"Twist th' magazine — pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds — then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' once!"

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